



# ROSARIO



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# ROSARIO

BY

A SISTER OF MERCY

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P. J. KENEDY AND SONS

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By P. J. KENEDY.

# ROSARIO;

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

## I.

**T**HE day was drawing towards its close, and the freshness of evening was already creeping over a wild and picturesque nature, as Signor Don Alphonse di Mancini reached a middle height of that primitive chain of mountains which, separating France from Spain, rises even above the clouds, and at whose base the traveller sees the storms form themselves and finally roll away.

The spot upon which our traveller paused was a plateau sheltered by two lateral chains. Vegetation in its full vigor now refreshed his eye, wearied by four hours of route passed in the midst of continuous rocky mountains, entirely despoiled of verdure and covered with perpetual snows.

Don Alphonse remained for some moments doubtful as to whether he should continue his

journey, or descend to a hamlet which he perceived nestling at the foot of a shady hill, when, turning his gaze eastward, his indecision was at once ended as he saw the ancient and imposing towers of Castle Abbey Ha, which was for him the end of all his fatigues.

Re-animated by this sight, he hastened his steps, and as night began to fall he arrived at the dwelling of the young Marquis Edmund of Rosline, where he was welcomed by Edmund and his wife Marie with all the marks of a lively and sincere friendship.

Many months had passed since Lord Seymour had written to Don Alphonse, inviting him to pass a year at Castle Abbey Ha; but as the latter had not received a still more recent letter he was in consequence ignorant of the change which had taken place in this peaceful abode. Surprised, therefore, by seeing only Edmund and his wife, he inquired with some degree of anxiety as to the welfare of the virtuous Matilda, dowager of Rosline, as also as to that of the count Henry de Walsingham, the father of Marie.

Edmund hastened to reassure Don Alphonse by informing him that the count and his sister Matilda, happy in the happiness of their children,

had left them in possession of Castle Abbey Ha, and had themselves retired to the pavilion Isola Doma, to spend therein the remainder of their days in the strictest seclusion, for, although enjoying the almost daily society of a very few chosen friends, they had placed a perpetual barrier between themselves and the outer world.

“I confess,” continued Lord Edmund, “that my wife and myself shed many tears when our parents decided upon taking this step, and their happiness alone has been the means of softening its bitterness.”

While he was thus speaking, Lord Seymour entered the room, who had been spending the day, accompanied by Oscar Bathurst, at the residence of the count Emil de Tudor; he threw himself into the arms of his friend, and after the first transports of joy he presented to him his friend Oscar. The latter, however, soon excused himself for not remaining longer, as he was desirous of bidding good night to the solitaires of Isola Doma.

“It is late to go there,” said Edmund; “I think it must be already half-past nine.”

“I will make the attempt, nevertheless,” replied Oscar. “If our friends have retired I will go to

the chapel and from there to my own apartments without disturbing them."

After his departure he became the subject of their conversation, but in a very different manner from that in which the absent usually are treated. Don Alphonse extolled the natural graces and angelic countenance of the young Scotchman.

"I think I have mentioned him to you in my letters," said Lord Seymour; "he is the only son of Lord Bathurst. Victim to a highly nervous temperament, he has never been consoled for the death of the Marquis of Rosline, the father of Lord Edmund, and his health, ruined by the activity of his imagination and the excessive delicacy of his nerves, has never since been re-established; however, since his residence in Spain, he has gained much in strength. He is an angel of innocence and piety, and whatever may be the number of his days, they will be found full before the Lord, and that is the one thing necessary here below."

Supper was served, after which Don Alphonse, being very much fatigued, was conducted to the apartments prepared for him; and on the following morning, accompanied by Edmund, he visited Isola Doma.

Notwithstanding all that Don Mancini knew of the virtues of Matilda and count Henry of Walsingham, and the admiration with which he was penetrated by the fortitude of the former upon witnessing the terrible death of her husband, who had perished upon the scaffold for his religion, their conversation only served to brighten the great esteem in which he held her. They presented to him Monsieur M. Billingham, who lived at Isola Doma, where he was chaplain and daily celebrated mass.

During breakfast, Silva entered; he had passed the morning up to this time in the chapel. "This is my son," said the count to Don Alphonse, "Marie's brother; he has received Holy Orders, and although he has consecrated himself to the Lord he has not abandoned his father; he is the consolation of my life and the companion of my solitude; indeed, I owe it to him in some measure, for it was to retain him near me that I have separated myself from the world which he has renounced." An expressive glance from Silva testified his appreciation and gratitude.

A short time sufficed for Don Mancini to become a member of the worthy family in whose midst he now found himself, and more and more

he experienced the happiness of forming a member of their holy society, where, as among the Christians of the primitive Church, there was but one heart and one soul, one sole desire to do good, one sole hope of eternity. . . . He resided at Castle Abbey Ha with Edmund, Marie, Lord Seymour, and Lord Bathurst, father of Oscar, and daily visited the solitaires of Isola Doma, where he repaired with the others to hear mass and assist at the morning and evening prayers in the chapel of that peaceful dwelling.

In the morning, Lord Edmund, Don Mancini, and Lord Seymour made an excursion into the village, meeting there Silva, who, according to his custom, was visiting the poor to distribute the spiritual or temporal consolation which their several states required. They entered with him into an isolated farm house, which Silva had noticed from the windows of his chamber, and which up to this time had never been visited by him.

They were received by a powerfully built man, who seemed hardly to count fifty years of age. His expression, which was dark and fierce, did not prepossess them in his favor; he demanded of them very dryly their business. "You see,"



said Silva to him, at the same time designating Edmund, "the Lord of Castle Abbey Ha ; as he loves all his vassals, he desires to know for himself if any among them are deprived of any consolation or assistance that may be in his power to procure for them. . . . Are you happy and have you sufficient for all your necessities ? "

" I want nothing, and I need no one," replied the villager brusquely.

" What is your occupation ? "

" I am a wood cutter."

" How old are you ? "

" Sixty years : but I am strong and healthy."

" And your name ? "

" Oberonzo."

" Are you acquainted with the curé of the village ? "

" Not personally."

" You attend his church, however ? "

" Every one to his taste," said the wood cutter dryly ; " I go to the church when it pleases me to do so ; I owe no account of my conduct to any one."

" I hope that you will never have *need of any one*," said Edmund sweetly, as he left the house with his friends.

Silva followed in silence, thoughtful and afflicted in finding a person of this character among the vassals of his brother-in-law. They returned to the church, where Silva celebrated mass, his friends assisting, after which they paid a visit to the curé of the village.

Monsieur Morano was a venerable man, a virtuous and saintly ecclesiastic; he received them with benevolent hospitality and detained them for breakfast; Silva spoke to him of Oberonzo, and inquired if he fulfilled the duties of his religion.

"He is almost always absent," replied M. Morano, "and always from Lent until Pentecost. He depends upon a strange nobleman, who has possessions in France. In fact, he may be considered as belonging to some parish outside of this diocese. I have never seen him in my church. Generally," continued M. Morano with a deep sigh, "the close vicinity of southern France, where heresy has made such rapid progress and caused so many disorders within the last half century, has but too great an influence upon the faith and morals of many Spaniards inhabiting the frontier and frequenting French Navarre and Languedoc. You have probably seen outside

the fosse which surrounds Castle Abbey Ha the ruins of a chateau which belonged formerly to yours and to the same family, one of the members of which sold Castle Abbey Ha to the Duc de Medina."

"I have heard more than once," said Edmund, "that these ruins are haunted; it is the firm belief of the villagers; we are planning a visit to them shortly. Are you afraid of ghosts?" said he laughingly to Don Mancini.

"Not more so than of robbers, when I am prepared for them," replied the latter; "for I have the firm conviction that spirits do not return uselessly to the earth. But very often, under their name, malefactors preserve for themselves asylums, at the expense of the credulity of the people or the rash imprudence of travellers."

"Monsieur Morano," asked Silva, "were you acquainted with the ancient possessors of these chateaux?"

"Yes, very intimately," replied the old man, in a sad tone of voice, but one which seemed to interdict further questioning upon the subject. Edmund turned the conversation upon other matters, and they soon after took their leave.

## II.

SOME days afterwards Edmund proposed a walk among the ruins. Lord Walsingham and Silva consented to accompany him, also Don Mancini and Lord Seymour. Oscar begged to join the party, and they set out together. They found two sides of the chateau in a good state of preservation, and an old tower, slightly damaged; but the great quantities of rubbish and fallen columns which prevented them from reaching the latter attested the past magnificence of the building. Edmund, laughingly saying that the evil spirits would fly before his brother Silva, led the way. With great difficulty and much perseverance they finally reached the most perfect wing and discovered a suite of unfurnished rooms, which terminated in a cabinet, the door of which was shut. It opened easily, and they entered. A small book case, containing some volumes covered with dust, a table, an open secretary, and a couch were the principal articles of furniture, while upon the floor lay a very small golden crucifix, attached to a black ribbon, one end of which, tied in a knot, seemed to have

been separated from the other with violence. Stains of blood upon the floor and also upon a footstool, once white, caused Edmund and his friends to shudder. Silva raised the crucifix, placed it in his bosom, and began to examine the library, which he found to consist almost entirely of books of instruction and study.

Upon the secretary lay a small book bound in black morocco, which proved to be an "Imitation of Jesus Christ;" upon some blank leaves in the front were written some prayers, in a very pretty hand, while on the first page he read the name Rosario del Morna, which he also found within most of the books in the library. It was very evident that this cabinet had remained in the same state in which it had been left by the owner of the chateau. Silva took possession of the book also, and continuing the investigation with his friends, they finally entered a large salon, which they recognized as being situated in the old tower. This room was entirely unfurnished; the walls, which were frescoed à la Chinois, were in a very dilapidated condition. Upon the wainscoting of the window Lord Seymour noticed some writing, executed with red as well as black crayon. He read aloud the following words:—

“I am not alone in this place ; I never shall be in any ! . . . . Thou art with me, O my God, my Love, my Life ! . . . . my Happiness ! . . . . One day with Thee is far better than a thousand amidst Thine enemies ! ” . . . . a little further on he read :—

“Bless, pardon, save ! Lord, have mercy upon those who offend Thee, and never abandon Rosario ! ”

By close scrutiny they discovered, upon the walls and the door, many other sentences, all of which seemed to indicate that the room had been used as a prison for a person of great piety. Upon the marble chimney-piece Silva read these words, which seemed to have been cut with the point of a penknife or a pair of scissors :—

“Alone in life ! . . . . What do I say ! Thy presence will sweeten solitude, space even horror ! . . . . Adorable presence ! . . . . Who can deprive me of it ? . . . . Is not Thy power exerted even here ? Yes, Thy presence in this place is for me alone ; I have not lost it. My tears, my regrets, my sufferings, have they not effaced my fault ? . . . . Thy love . . . mine . . . assure me of it . . . Deprived of all, I shall find all in Thee ! . . . I shall read of Thee no more in books of the world,

but in myself; this book is entirely mine, I shall read therein without ceasing :—In my memory, Thy benefits; in my heart, the love that they inspire; in my mind, my faith, my hopes, my future destiny. . . . . If my life is cut short I shall bless Thy mercy; if Thy justice prolongs it I will still bless Thy name! . . . . Watch over the least, the most abandoned, but the most loving of Thy creatures! . . . .” A little further on the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin were traced entire, portions of the Psalms, the holy names of Jesus and Mary, and also these three names united in a circle: Camille, Ildephonse, Rosario. Edmund and his friends left this room, their hearts wrung with the thought of the violence and oppression which had been exercised upon such an interesting being, and quite fatigued with their adventure they returned to Castle Abbey Ha.

And thus time passed on in an unspeakable peace. Henry and Matilda were, for Don Mancini, the objects of an ever increasing admiration. Count Henry, formerly loving the world, and who at the age of forty-six years still preserved the qualities, spirit, and attractions of youth, and could yet be an ornament to society, had chosen a solitary life, devoted entirely to good



works, never sparing himself to render others a service, dividing his days between prayer, reading the Holy Scripture, and the poor and infirm, was always joyous, always satisfied with the dispensations of an Adorable Providence, which he sought and found in the smallest occurrences. It was with him that had originated this plan of retreat, which his generous sister had willingly adopted, and in which they experienced real and solid pleasures.

Matilda of Rosline labored continually for the poor; she visited them in company with count Henry, cared for them herself, and even passed entire nights and days with them, and she understood how and when, in her sweetness and compassionate gayety, to mingle Christian instruction with her benefits, so as to cause it to be received no less gratefully by them.

These examples and the salutary reflections they produced attached more and more the inhabitants of Castle Abbey Ha to the solitude of Isola Doma, where their greatest happiness was to pass all the time that they could steal from the small number of friends whom they either visited or received at the chateau.

Sidney, Lord Seymour's nephew, with the



permission of his superior, came to pass a few days at Isola Doma. He was accompanied by a secular ecclesiastic, who lived a solitary life in the convent wherein Sidney was a religious, adapting himself to the rules of the order. Silva was doubly happy in the midst of this saintly society. His companion, whom he called Signor Don Camille, was about forty-five years of age; his countenance, sweet and spiritual, inspired equally respect, confidence, and interest.

As they arrived in the evening, they were almost immediately placed at the table. "You will fare here very much as at home," said the count smiling; "Isola Doma resembles a small community; in fact, it is a shadow of a monastery."

"We are in the pavilion of Castle Abbey Ha?" interrupted Don Camille inquiringly, at the same time casting around him a sad and prolonged gaze; "it is more than fifteen years since I was last here."

"To whom did the castle belong at that time?" inquired Oscar.

"To count Camille de Masserano."

"And did he not also own Castle Morna, whose ruins are so near?"

"That belonged to his elder brother, Don Ilde-

phonse. The chateau, which far surpassed Castle Ha in beauty and magnificence, was destroyed by lightning . . . . so perishes all worldly pomp," added he, as if speaking to himself.

Sidney turned the conversation upon other subjects, and after their frugal repast they adjourned to the chapel for evening prayers; after which Henry conducted Sidney to his chamber, and Silva, who had offered his to Don Camille, slept in the cabinet adjoining. Don Camille remained a long time absorbed in prayer, without removing his clothing, and towards midnight, thinking that Silva slept, he softly left the apartment. Silva, filled with disquietude, followed and saw him cross the corridor upon which their apartment opened, and enter the gallery which extended to the right and left of the chapel at the height of the pulpit, from the organ even to the sanctuary. Don Camille surveyed it with an agitated manner and, throwing himself upon his knees, said in a broken voice :—

“O my God, hast Thou led me here to weep for those who are lost to me? Does this marble cover their ashes?”

Of which shall I to-day demand Ildephonse and Rosario? will life or death answer me?

Pardon, my God, I adore Thy decrees . . . . . the profound night which surrounds my existence, the loss of all that which is most dear to me ! . . . . I implore Thy mercy for Ildephonse and Thy justice for my angelic Rosario ! ”

His voice was broken by sobs ; he prostrated himself before the altar and remained in this position for more than an hour ; after which he raised himself to a kneeling posture and continued his prayer until the morning, at which time he silently left the chapel. Silva left it before him and was just coming from his own chamber as Don Camille entered ; he saluted him respectfully and added : “ You have already visited our chapel, signor, it is very old, and everything there conduces to recollection.”

“ You speak truly,” said the solitaire, pressing the hand of Silva as he spoke ; “ and for me it is a source of many memories and much reflection.”

“ You were well acquainted with the inhabitants of Castle Abbey Ha and Castle Morna ? ”

“ Yes, and it was their misfortunes that caused me to retire from the world. What is the name of the curé of the village ? ”

“ Monsieur Morano.”

“Monsieur Morano!” repeated Don Camille with emotion; “he has held this curé for more than thirty years; he is acquainted with all the misfortunes of the counts of Masserano. He is a very holy man, and always held the purest Catholic doctrine. Do you see him often?”

“Usually every Thursday; and we expect him here to-day, for I have acquainted him with your arrival with Sidney, whom he loves tenderly.”

At this moment a small bell announced the beginning of M. Billingham’s mass, after which they assembled for breakfast. Don Camille seemed depressed and fatigued; he also celebrated his mass in the chapel and would partake of nothing until dinner time.

Monsieur Morano called towards noon; he was delighted to see Sidney, and praised Silva highly, whom he called his right arm in the parish. Don Camille, who had been walking with Henry, Edmund, and Oscar, entered only as they were seating themselves at the table. M. Morano seemed strangely affected upon seeing Don Camille, which the latter perceiving said:—

“Monsieur, I recall to your memory one to whom I have often been said to bear a resem-

blance and with whom you were once well acquainted."

The entrance of Oscar Bathurst interrupted him. The young man embraced Matilde, whom he loved as a mother, and she presented him to Sidney, saying :—

"This is the ward of Arthur of Rosline."

Oscar greeted him warmly and then placed himself between Edmund and Silva.—"I was dreaming all night of Rosario," said he with enthusiasm, "that angel of resignation and piety; lately I seem to dream solely of him." Then he related to M. Morano their visit to the ruins of Castle Morna, and begged him so earnestly to give them some details regarding the lives and misfortunes of the counts of Masserano that the venerable curé, with a deep sigh, yielded to their entreaties.

## III.

**T**HE most profound silence reigned, broken only by Mr. Morano, who began his recital with these words:—

“There are some faults which it is well to bury in oblivion, others that we should remember, to be able to avoid them; but we should ever bear in mind that we are all capable of falling or of being guilty of any crime, if not prevented by the grace of God.

“The prince Auguste of Masserano was a widower with two sons, Ildephonse and Camille; there was never a union like that of these two brothers, although of such very different dispositions. Ildephonse was proud, haughty, vindictive, polite, slow in giving away to anger, but nothing could make him pardon an insult. Camille, extremely sensitive, was irascible and even violent, but his outbursts were always followed by an apology or the sincerest pardon.

“They lost their father while yet young, and as Castle Abbey Ha, in which they dwelt, fell to the portion of Camille, Ildephonse caused Castle Morna to be built upon the same plan; and Isola

Doma, a pavilion belonging to the former chateau became a place of reunion for the brothers when desirous of freeing themselves from the trammels of society and of enjoying some hours of conversation or reflection.

“In the neighborhood there dwelt a French lord, the viscount de Belmour, who had come to Spain on account of the fearful increase of Huguenots in his native country. He had an only daughter, whose loveliness of countenance and most admirable natural qualities were only equalled by her sweet piety. When Rosa de Belmour had attained the age of sixteen years Ildephonse and Camille both became devotedly attached to her; they spoke of her continually, but they loved without rivalry and were both disposed to be satisfied with her choice, without allowing it in the least to disturb their mutual friendship.

“Ildephonse made their affection known to the count de Belmour, and begged him to allow his daughter to enjoy perfect liberty in the matter, and obtain his permission for both to offer her their addresses. Rosa was nearly a year without coming to any decision or manifesting any preference. Finally one day she took her father and myself into her confidence; first she ad-

dressed her father; speaking in an apparently indifferent manner in regard to the choice between the brothers, she asked his preference. He seemed to favor Ildephonse, who, as the oldest son, had the larger fortune, but avowed this to be the sole reason which influenced him, as hers was so small. Rosa smilingly declared that this consideration had not affected her in the least, but that she had decided to receive the addresses of Ildephonse or else to reject both, and, noticing the surprise which her determined tone had augmented in me, she added: 'I will be candid with you and give my reasons, which after this conversation must be inviolably buried in our hearts. If you do not approve of them I am ready to obey you. I have closely studied these two brothers; Camille is solidly virtuous; with him religion holds the first place; Ildephonse has brilliant personal qualities joined to an ardent and lively nature; he believes himself stronger in virtue than he really is, and I feel quite sure that, if his brother were married to a woman whom he loved, their peace would be destroyed, and I am not willing to face the misfortunes which would be the result. But, united to the woman he loves, and who would be devoted to her religion and



her duty, he would be rendered strong therein, and Don Camille would generously enjoy the happiness of his brother.'

"I was struck by the depth of thought exhibited in this young girl, and her father expressed himself quite satisfied with her motives, as her happiness was his only desire in the matter. He sought the prince of Masserano, to whom he announced Rosa's choice. Ildephonse, whose joy was now complete, imparted the decision to Camille, adding at the same time: 'Sound your heart well, my brother; will you be content to see Rosa de Belmour my wife, and feel no regrets? For, before the matter is concluded, I would far rather renounce her than your friendship or society. I will allow no pretext or excuse for our separation. I desire to live and die with you, and I will never sacrifice this happiness even for that of union with her.'

"Don Camille, deeply touched, threw his arms around his brother and drew him to his heart, saying: 'I am happier in your happiness than in all the advantages that might accrue to me personally, and the more amiable qualities I discover in Rosa, the more I shall feel pleased in

seeing her your wife ; you know,' continued he, 'that my former intention was to lead a life of celibacy. I am now more bent upon it than ever. I vow before Almighty God to observe perpetual chastity.'

"Ildephonse raised his brother, who had thrown himself upon his knees, and pressed him to his bosom, with eyes moistened with tears ; but reassured by the heavenly joy which shone upon the countenance of Camille, he turned his thoughts upon his approaching happiness.

"Castle Morna was decorated with all that taste and luxury could desire. I married the happy couple in the chapel of Isola Doma, and the same day received the vows of the generous Camille. Rosa had prepared herself for the event by a retreat of six days and received the sacrament in the most admirable disposition, and her conduct afterwards proved that the benediction of heaven had fallen upon her ; for," added Mr. Morano with a deep sigh, "it is not alone happiness but innocence that we should desire here below ; for it is the only thing that can assure us lasting felicity.

"Rosa at the age of seventeen had the reason of a woman of twenty-five ; sweet, prepossessing,

and anxious to please her husband, she caused him to enjoy a pure and unalloyed happiness. In course of time she became a mother, and nothing could be more lovely than the son to whom she gave life ; but he caused her the greatest inquietude, for immediately after birth he was seized with convulsions and remained in a state of unconsciousness closely resembling death. As he had not been baptized Rosa took him in her arms, and, clasping her hands in agony, animated with a lively faith, cried : ‘ O my God, I do not ask of Thee my child, but his soul alone ! I implore of Thee sufficient life to establish in him Thy reign, Thy love ! If Thou dost preserve him to me he is Thine. I consecrate him to Thy service ; he shall live for Thy glory ! ’ She then made the sign of the cross upon the infant, who drew a long breath. I arrived a moment after and baptized him. Camille, who was his godfather, named him Theodore Rosario, the first name because of its significance, gift of God, the other in honor of our Lady of the Rosary, whose feast it was. The moment the sacred water moistened his forehead he revived and was saved.

“ Ildephonse did not wish his wife, who was

extremely weak, to nourish the child herself, and he had already selected a person to perform this office, but the little Rosario refused to go to her, and Rosa undertook to raise him herself.

“The prince of Masserano deeply loved his wife and son, and as Rosario was born at Isola Doma, they remained there a couple of months before returning to Castle Morna. The countess occupied the room which is now that of M. Billingham, and her greatest pleasure was to have the cradle of her son carried into the gallery of the chapel contiguous to her chamber, above all during the holy sacrifice of the mass, so that during Rosario’s two months of life not one day had passed in which he had not been present during the holy mysteries of our redemption. Upon her return to Castle Morna she carried him to the church, and as Ildephonse raised objections, fearing that the cold would cause the infant to cry, she promised him, with her habitual submission, that in case of such an event she would take him there no more; but Rosario was so sweet tempered and of such a naturally happy disposition that he never cried. Even when cutting his teeth his mother would caress him, amuse him upon her lap, and sing to him; and the

charming infant would cease his tears and smile with all the charms of infancy.

“ He became very strong, and his rare beauty increased with his years ; sometimes Don Camille would say to me : ‘ I fear that Rosario will not live ; his disposition is too heavenly for this earth.’ ”



## IV.

**A**fter a pause of a few moments M. Morano continued :

“ Three years passed in a blissful peace ; at the end of this term Ildephonse was called away to attend to some important affairs in the province of Béarn, where he owned much property ; he begged his brother to reside at Castle Morna during his absence and act as protector to the little family ; but Don Camille, who understood the price of this confidence, would not accept it, urging as an excuse for his refusal the necessity he was under of going to Catalonia, where he owned a chateau and much land, and the prince, seeing him quite determined to follow him and profit by the occasion to attend to his own affairs, insisted no longer, and they set out the same day, the one for Barcelona and the other for Béarn.

“ While at Pau Ildephonse became intimate with the chevalier de Vaverly, a Gascon and Calvinist an intelligent person, but one without any religion and of loose morals, and who, under the name of friendship, attached himself in reality only to the fortune of the prince of Masserano. They

were inseparable at Pau during the three months that Ildephonse passed in Béarn ; and upon his return, the chevalier accompanied him to Castle Morna, which caused the countess much affliction, although as yet she apprehended nothing for the future.

“ Don Camille returned six days after his brother, but, far from sharing the latter’s affection for his newly found friend, of whom Ildephonse had spoken so often in his letters, there seemed to have arisen between them a sort of antipathy, which even the moderation of Camille failed to conceal.

“ One day, drawing his brother aside, he said to him: ‘ Ildephonse, you have always, even until now, given me marks of an affection too true and too precious for me, now to fear to speak to you with frankness ; will you refuse to sacrifice to this friendship, which has rendered us so happy for the past twenty-five years, that of so base, despicable a person as is the chevalier de Vaverly ; that of a man who by religion is so separated from us, and who has proved himself devoid of all delicacy and honor by remaining here in defiance of your brother ? He is conscious of all this, and yet persists in prolonging his stay. He endeav-

ors to sow discord between us ; and I confess to you that, except for my religion, I frequently could not avoid scenes which might prove of a serious nature for us both. I do not exact of you, however, that you should send away your friend, if he can be called such ; but if you retain him near you, I ask permission to retire to Catalonia. I may not long survive our separation, but I would prefer death rather than to live with a man whose presence alone may lead me into faults that my faith and principles alike condemn.’

“ Ildephonse seemed much affected by the discourse of his brother, and replied in these words :—

“ ‘ It is cruel that you should have conceived such a prejudice against one who is so dear to me, but as you are still dearer the chevalier shall remain here no longer, and if I do see him again it shall be neither at Castle Morna nor in your presence. But promise me, on your side, to render me a real service, which is to unite your efforts with mine to render my wife less bigoted and fanatical. My son, who is scarcely four years of age, knows nothing but how to pray, sing psalms, and remain in the church. He has nothing of the spirit usual to children of his age;



I do not intend him for either a priest or religious, but his mother will cause him to be such! I will no longer tolerate the comments of Rosa upon the religious politics of our days, nor her attacks upon the Huguenots; every one is free in matters of faith, and when one follows the lights of his conscience, why should others interfere and blame or condemn that which they do not understand?

“Camille, terrified at the words and even more so at the opinions held by his brother, guarded a painful silence, feeling convinced that his tardy endeavors for the dismissal of the chevalier could not avert an evil already, perhaps, without a remedy. He promised his brother to do as he desired without making any objections; and, seeking the viscount de Belmour, Rosa, and myself, he related all to us, and counselled us to neglect nothing to reclaim the mind and heart of Ildephonse, by rendering piety more than ever pleasing to him, and above all never to cross him, either in his inclination or desires, without indispensable necessity.

“The chevalier set out that day to terminate some sudden difficulties in distant possessions of Ildephonse, according to the desire of the latter,

and as he discovered great pecuniary advantages therein, he did not require much pressing to leave his friend ; his departure restored peace to the interior of Castle Morna.

“ Rosario, that angel of beauty and innocence, was neither serious nor sad ; there was in him a mixture of charming gayety, premature reason, and sensibility beyond his years. At the age of five, he began to give me an account every evening of all his actions during the day, and those which he often called by the name of faults were often in him only virtues ; for, when his father forced him from his prayers or from the chapel, he would reproach himself for the pain which he experienced, although he obeyed without delay or murmur. At the age of six his mother desired that he should approach the sacrament of penance, as he was able to distinguish perfectly between right and wrong ; but the prince of Masserano opposed her in this desire, saying, with a severity which he had never before used towards his wife, that he did not intend to allow his son to approach that sacrament before the age of twelve years, and that in this matter he should expect implicit obedience.

“ Rosa did not reply, hoping at some more

favorable time to convince him that his religion should prevent him from enforcing this strange determination ; but from that time we remarked a visible change in Ildephonse. He absented himself for the space of six months from the sacraments ; and towards Lent he pleaded necessity for absence, not returning until the month of May. The countess, meanwhile, passed her days in solitude and was frequently found weeping at the foot of the altar.

“About this time the death of the viscount de Belmour deprived her of the support and counsel of the tenderest of fathers ; I was at that time chaplain to Castle Morna.

“The prince of Masserano, who desired my removal in an honorable manner, named me curé of the parish, as that would occupy my time too fully to allow me to visit the chateau often. Rosa devoted herself entirely to her son, and strangers were unable to account for the cause of her depression of spirits, her paleness, and the air of suffering that seemed to cling to this young woman, scarcely twenty-four years of age, who, loved dearly by her husband and child, should in the eyes of the world be perfectly happy.

“ When Rosario had attained his ninth year he asked permission to make his confession to me. The prince of Masserano answered him, in the words of a true Calvinist, that he should confess to God, and that, until he was twelve years of age, he would not hear him speak of it again ; he threatened him even with the full weight of his anger and sent him from his cabinet.

“ Rosario retired to the chapel, saying nothing to his mother, who was anxiously waiting to know what had taken place, and towards evening he went alone to Isola Doma to visit his uncle Camille. He told him that he desired to have my advice upon the subject and begged him to seek for me. The count did not hesitate to satisfy him and left us together.

“ Rosario threw himself down at my knees and made a confession of his whole life with so many tears that I feared lest he should faint. After his thanksgiving, he acknowledged that he had come to me contrary to the positive commands of his father, but that he did not believe himself obliged to obey him against the voice of his conscience. I recommended secrecy, provided thereby truth should not be sacrificed ; but in case of such a contingency to fear nothing and to

suffer all, rather than to compromise it. He left me transported with joy and related to his mother all that had passed.

“Some time after the prince called him and sternly demanded if he had respected his prohibition. For a moment Rosario was silent; then, with a firmness full of respect said:—‘I did not think myself able to do so, and not daring to ask advice of any one, I followed the dictates of my conscience. Do with me what you will, my father,’ continued he with enthusiasm; ‘you will never find your son rebellious except when your will is in opposition to that of God’s. My life belongs to you; but my soul to God alone.’

“The prince of Masserano, transported with fury, struck Rosario, causing him to fall against the marble of the chimney piece; he remained where he fell, quite motionless. Ildephonse left the room without rendering him any assistance, and said nothing of the matter to any one. Rosario remained for some time in this state, and when consciousness returned he found himself still in his father’s cabinet. He recalled confusedly all that had passed, rose up, drank a glass of water, and, no wound being visible, appeared at the supper table in the evening without men-

tioning the circumstance even to his mother. Ildephonse regarded him for some time without saying a word, and as he took nothing, asked him dryly if he was ill. 'No,' replied Rosario, 'I believe I have a headache ; my head seems to be turning around, and I do not feel hungry.' His mother arose and leading him to his chamber placed him upon the bed.

" Ildephonse visited him in the evening and, no other being present, asked who had gone to his assistance. 'No one,' said Rosario ; 'and I have not spoken to any one about it ; it was not necessary to do so, and mamma would be uneasy.' Then, bursting into tears, he threw himself upon his knees, imploring his father's pardon.

" Ildephonse, deeply moved, pressed him to his bosom, saying :—

" 'If I forgive you, will it be your last fault ?'

" 'Yes, if you can prove to me that it is one ; for I would rather die than offend God.'

" His father did not reply, but, kissing him, placed him upon the bed and left the room. Rosario had a fever and for two days and nights was delirious ; he recognized only his father, from whom he could not be separated for a moment.

When reason returned he asked for me. Ildephonse opposed him in this, but the doctor required that his desire should be gratified. He held out his hand to me and kissed mine. The doctor insisted upon knowing if he had any knowledge of the cause of his illness, but Rosario guarded an inviolable silence upon the subject; I ordered him, in virtue of obedience, to say if he had been struck or hurt during play, or if he had fallen.

“ ‘I fell,’ said he, ‘and lost consciousness; I cannot tell you anything more.’

“ His mother desired to know where he had fallen, but he refused to satisfy her; and when I insisted he regarded me for some moments, apparently in deep thought; finally, he broke silence, saying :—

“ ‘ You cannot oblige me to tell you; it is not a duty to declare it, nor a fault to refuse, and, if you knew my motive, you, on the contrary, would say ‘ Die, rather than disclose it.’

“ The prince of Masserano, who was present, changed color, took the burning hand of his son, and pressed it within his own.

“ The doctor bled Rosario, and put several blisters upon him, to draw the fever away from

his head, where it seemed to have fixed itself.

“The child suffered much and with admirable courage and calmness ; he prayed almost continually, and interrupted himself only to speak to his father.

“Ildephonse, seated by his pillow, held Rosa-rio’s head upon his arm ; Rosa watched to provide anything of which he might have need ; while Don Camille, with folded arms, stood at the foot of the bed, keeping a mournful silence, his eyes fixed upon the sweet victim, who seemed already delivered unto death. The doctor, who believed the child to be older than he really was, seeing him so reasonable and thoughtful, said that he could not promise his recovery, and that, if he desired to make his First Communion, they might prepare him for it. A heavenly joy shone upon the countenance of the invalid, and he looked imploringly at me.

“‘You are too young, my dear child,’ I replied ; ‘but you may receive Extreme Unction ; this sacrament is consoling and salutary, and is even capable of re-establishing the health of the body, when it is beneficial to that of the soul.’

“The prince, who read at first in my eyes some indecision in regard to the first proposal of the



doctor, and seeing the ardent desire of Rosario, frowned as he replied :—

“ ‘My son is suffering too much and is entirely too feeble to think of any such ceremony as first Communion ; leave him in peace.’

Rosario turned toward his father a most expressive and touching look, saying at the same time in a low tone of voice :—

“ ‘I would die happy if I could have that blessing ; however, as it is not a duty for me, seeing that I am not yet of the age required by the Church, and you do not wish me to receive it, I will not ask for it.’ He threw his arm caressingly around his father’s neck, who regarded him with much tenderness, and then, turning toward the doctors, said :—

“ ‘Is there no hope ?’

“ ‘Very little,’ they both replied.

“ ‘Do you fear death Rosario ?’ asked Don Camille.

“ ‘No,’ replied the child ; then, turning towards me with some disquietude, he asked imploringly :—

“ ‘Should I fear it, Monsieur Morano ? You know better than I.’

“ ‘No, my child, you may rest confident ; you

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leave parents whom you love, but will possess the Supreme Good, for which you were created, and your happiness will be unalloyed.'

"Rosario buried his face in his father's bosom, apparently in a transport of joy; then, after a pause, he added:—

" 'Papa, you will console Mamma, she is already so unhappy.'

" 'Your mother,' replied the prince, 'what is the matter with her?'

" 'I do not know; but she often weeps when she is alone.'

" 'And has she never told you the reason?'

" 'She has said to me that the one whom she loves the best in the whole world is in danger of losing his soul; and I pray every day that this great misfortune may not come to pass; for she would die of sorrow.'

"Ildephonse could not restrain a movement of indignation; he placed Rosario on the bed and roughly withdrew the arm on which he had been lying. As the little angel was so full of suffering, he could not bear the least shock; a faint groan escaped him, and he seemed about to faint. Ildephonse rose to leave the room, and the eyes of his son seemed to recall him with

painful anxiety. The doctor begged him not to go away if he desired to save Rosario. He returned and seated himself near the bed in silence. Rosario said nothing, but pressed the hand of his father, and some tears fell upon it."

The voice of Monsieur Morano was broken ; the remembrance of this interesting child caused him the liveliest emotion ; he paused, and looking at us, discovered that our eyes were also full of tears. Oscar, particularly, seemed deeply affected.

Monsieur Morano thought best to wait until the following day to continue his recital ; and, although we begged him to continue it, he resisted our solicitation, promising to return the next morning to Castle Abbey Ha to satisfy our desires.



## V.

 HE venerable curate was faithful to his promise; he made his appearance at the appointed hour the day following, and continued his recital.

“ We passed the entire night by Rosario. Towards morning he bled profusely from the nose; which pleased the physicians much. The fever abated, and finally his temperature became normal and, although still very weak, he was pronounced out of danger. His mother was transported with joy, and the prince was not insensible to the preservation of a child whom he loved and of whose premature death he would have been obliged to accuse himself.

“ Rosario recovered slowly; his condition called for the greatest care, on account of his great delicacy. The prince of Masserano never seemed himself after this event; he appeared to have lost his affection for his family, and no longer found his happiness in being with them. He was cold and severe to his son; reserved and gloomy towards his wife. Camille alone was still dear to him, but less so as time wore on. He frequently

spoke of quitting Spain, and avowed that he had a horror of the country on account its fanaticism. His friends foresaw with dismay the sad use which he would make in another country of his liberty of conscience

“A year passed in this manner; he would not allow his son to confess: but Rosario rendered me a faithful account of his conscience, and I promised him that if I should discover any grave fault in these manifestations, I would make it known to him and admit him at once to the tribunal of penance. Rosa’s health failed visibly; she fell into decline, and in proportion it seemed as if all the former love of Ildephonse seemed to revive; he foresaw with horror the loss of one from whom he had never heard a murmur, and knew that it was his conduct alone which was causing her death.

“The young countess saw her end approaching with calmness, and her sole regret was the state in which she would leave Ildephonse, and the future of her dear Rosario, who would be exposed to all the persecutions which she feared were in store for him. She made a will, having inherited considerable property from a relative of her father, who, in losing his only son, had settled

upon her his whole fortune. She named Don Camille as guardian to Rosario, to whom she left twenty thousand pounds in rentals, besides this leaving much to the poor as well as to the various churches near which her possessions lay. She specified in her testament that her desire was that her son should live in Spain until he attained his majority ; and that, in case the prince of Masserano should either travel or see fit to reside elsewhere, her son should remain under the guardianship of Don Camille or in some college in Spain until his twenty-fifth year.

“ After settling her temporal affairs, she turned her thoughts entirely upon those of eternity. She received the last sacraments of the Church with angelic fervor, and, in presence of Ildephonse, who now never left her side, she asked that Rosario, now the age of nine years and a half, should make his First Communion in her chamber, where Mass was daily celebrated ; but her husband refused this request with an affectionate firmness, objecting the extreme youth of his son. She insisted no longer, but her sadness hastened her death.

“ Upon feeling her end approaching, she kissed Rosario and blessed him :—

“ ‘The good God, who has preserved you even until now, my dearly beloved child,’ she said, ‘will never abandon you; only serve him with fidelity. Never seek after nor follow new doctrines. Avoid the spirit of rebellion to the Church and private interpretation of the Scripture, which is the source of all the errors in matters of faith; place your glory and your happiness in being and in declaring yourself a Roman Catholic. I leave you in a country wherein faith is intact; my prayers will follow you; and never forget before God the soul of your mother. Love and respect your father, and allow only to God the place before him in your heart. And you, Don Camille,’ said she, addressing herself to him, ‘as godfather and guardian of Rosario, watch carefully over his principles. And thou!’ cried she ardently, at the same time seizing one of the hands of Ildephonse, ‘it is to thee, his father, that I confide my angelic Rosario; thou wilt answer to me for his soul, his faith, and his salvation! Thou shalt answer to me for it, Ildephonse, before the just Judge, in presence of whom I shall soon appear, and before whose tribunal I shall meet thee one day! Ah! if love for me is not powerful enough

to compel thee to this sacred duty, let thy eternity, which shall be the price, render this trust inviolable !’

“ Exhausted by the vehemence of her words, and yet more so by the sentiment which dictated them, she fell back upon her bed, motionless, and survived but three hours this scene, which will never be effaced from my memory.

“ Rosario felt deeply the greatness of his loss ; but his sadness was calm and religious. Don Camille, to divert his brother and nephew from dwelling too much upon their loss, urged the former to remain for some time at Castle Abbey Ha. He had apartments prepared for his brother near his, and took the child into a cabinet adjoining his chamber, and from that time devoted himself entirely to the education of his interesting charge. Never was care more prodigally and affectionately lavished upon any one than that which he expended upon Rosario, and never was care more amply repaid. Rosario, at the age of nine and a half years, designed very well he sang and understood music and had made considerable progress in Greek and Latin ; he composed pleasingly and in a spirited manner, but to these superficial advantages he joined all



the virtues of a child of grace and of a privileged being, whom Almighty God seemed pleased to unite to Himself more and more, and by uncommon ways.

“Of an humor always equal, and more inclined to be gay than melancholy, thoughtful without affectation, there was united in him a most timorous conscience to that interior uprightness and humble docility which held between indiscreet condescension and obstinate scrupulosity. Suffering from habitual and violent headaches, he never complained, nor ever appeared less engaging nor amiable; his favorite devotion was that of the holy rosary, with which his mother had inspired him since his earliest years. Before he was five years old she had placed upon his neck a beautiful chaplet that the Holy Father had given to her, when in Rome upon a pilgrimage of devotion before her marriage. It was composed of precious stones, some of which enclosed relics, and to which were attached many indulgences. Rosario had never left it off, and said his rosary upon it every evening.

“One night, the prince of Masserano, having remained up somewhat later than usual, and wishing to enquire of his brother the address of a

certain letter which he had written, passed softly through the chamber of his son, whom he believed asleep, instead of which he heard him praying ; roughly drawing aside the curtains, he found him upon his knees, saying the rosary.

“ Displeased at discovering him at prayer, and above all occupied in a devotion particularly distasteful to him, he rudely snatched the chaplet and broke it, reproving him at the same time for his misconceived devotions.

“ ‘ Content yourself with offering to God regret for your faults and go to sleep, and for the future let me never find you engaged in such superstitious practices.’

“ Rosario did not reply. Ildephonse took the broken chaplet and went to his brother, to whom he complained bitterly of his son’s vigils, and also of his bigotry. Camille smiled and, without contesting the point, hastened to speak upon the subject for which his brother had come to his apartments.

“ Since the death of Rosa, Ildephonse was insensibly more closely united to Camille, who, to gain him, believed it better to sacrifice many of his own particular acts of piety, which might tend to harden the heart of his brother or to

cause coldness between them. Ildephonse, deceived at the motives which had influenced the virtuous Camille, believed that the time had now come at which he might open to him his heart and draw him likewise into the abyss into which he had precipitated himself.

“Seeing, then, that Don Camille had no reply to make to his complaints against Rosario, he acknowledged to him that he decidedly wished that his son should accept the new doctrine of the Calvinists; then, pressing Don Camille to do the same, he represented to him that the difference in their religion would sooner or later be the cause of their estrangement; for, added he, how can you preserve friendship and esteem for one whom you regard as a pagan and an excommunicated person, and for whom you will conceive the hatred with which odious intolerance arms papists against their brothers.

“‘My religion has never prescribed nor permitted hatred,’ cried Don Camille, terrified for the moment by the words of his brother; then, throwing his arm around him and bursting into tears, he continued: ‘O Ildephonse, I shall, like thy wife, die of sadness, though never ceasing to love thee. But regarding Rosario, my duty,

my office of godfather as well as guardian, will not permit me to consent to the persecution that you already exercise over him. Leave your child free to fulfil his obligations towards his religion, and one day you will rejoice in your condescension and the care and tenderness of thy brother.'

"The prince of Masserano folded his brother to his heart, seeming much touched at his emotion.

" 'To-morrow, I will give you a decided answer,' said he, and quickly left the room.

"The following day, Ildephonse appeared at the breakfast table with a dark and severe countenance.

" 'I have deeply reflected,' said he, 'and have finally decided to place my son under the care of a friend, who will raise him in my principles and according to my wishes ; speak to me, therefore, no more upon the subject, Camille, because my resolution is taken.'

" 'You shall not carry it into effect, nevertheless,' cried Don Camille, with a frenzy that he could not control ; 'I have rights, and I will enforce them. Who this friend is, I divine only too well.' Ildephonse arose and left the room without replying. Camille followed him, quite beside himself, and passing through the

garden, found him in one of the rooms of the pavilion with the Chevalier de Vaverly.

“‘I well know,’ cried he, ‘that this was the worthy object of your choice!’

“At these words the chevalier, encouraged by the presence of his protector, spoke most insultingly to Camille, who, no longer master of himself, drew his sword; Ildephonse presented himself in place of his cowardly protégé.

“‘Do not fear, I will not shed his blood; he is not worthy,’ said the count Camille disdainfully; and throwing down his sword with an air of contempt, he raised his hand to slap the chevalier in the face; but Ildephonse, in trying to parry the blow, received the insult intended for the chevalier.

“‘Such an insult is washed away by blood alone,’ said the prince with indignation. Camille, whose anger had entirely vanished at the affront offered his brother, threw himself upon his knees.

“‘I deserve to die! take my life; only forgive thy brother, and he will die happy.’

‘The prince repulsed him coldly and turned away with the chevalier, without replying. Camille, plunged into the deepest sadness, sought me. He confessed his fault with the greatest

remorse ; it was impossible to console him ; I exhorted him to neglect nothing to appease his brother's anger, and promising me to do so, we separated. He appeared at dinner with a countenance pale and careworn. Ildephonse was there also, and the deepest silence lasted during the repast.

“ Camille took nothing ; the prince of Masserano presented him with a glass of wine, which he had ordered his servant to bring ; it was the wine of Cap, and was used but upon extraordinary occasions. Camille drank it, and this attention on his brother's part renewed his regrets, and he could not restrain his tears.

“ Upon leaving the table, he followed Ildephonse, making him the most touching and humble apologies, but nothing was capable of breaking the obstinate silence of his brother. Upon leaving him Camille met Rosario.

“ ‘ Pray for me,’ said he ; ‘ I have offended thy father, and I shall die of grief.’

“ Rosario threw himself into his uncle's arms, and bursting into tears at seeing the extreme pallor of the count, begged him to take some rest and left him to repair to the chapel of Isola Doma.

“Towards evening I was preparing to visit Don Camille, when a messenger came to tell me that he had fallen into an apoplectic fit ; I found him unconscious and with apparently all the symptoms of death. I never saw him again. The next day I was informed, upon my visit to the castle, that he had died during the night and was at that time in the hands of a person whom the prince had employed to make preparations for the funeral, which took place the morning of the third day. He was placed in the tomb which bears his name, and is near that of Rosa’s.

“That same day, towards evening, the prince of Masserano was found lying at the foot of the staircase leading from his cabinet in Isola Doma to the garden. It was supposed that he had been visiting the tomb of his brother and, overcome by his feelings, had swooned, and in falling down the flight of steps had injured his head sufficiently to produce fever. He was delirious for several days. Upon recovering reason, he anxiously sent for Rosario ; but when he came, sent him away, saying that he had no need of him, and did this several times. Finally, he ordered him to go to the pavilion of Isola Doma and close the trap door leading into the Hall of the

Tombs, but upon no account to enter the hall itself nor even to go down the flight of steps leading to it, under penalty of his malediction, adding: 'Lock the door of the cabinet and bring me the key, and remember my prohibition.'

"It was almost an hour before Rosario returned to give the key to his father; he seemed much agitated and looked as if he had been weeping. The prince regarded him attentively.

" 'What is the matter with you?' he finally said roughly.

" 'How can I be calm in seeing you in such a state?' replied Rosario, bursting into tears. His father continued to regard him with a silent scrutiny. Rosario fell upon his knees by the bedside, seized one of Ildephonse's hands, and said:—

" 'You are very ill, the doctors will not answer for your days; they will not tell you this themselves, because they only think of the present; but your son, who would give his life to save yours, considers your loss in this world but as the least of his unhappiness in comparison with the fear of not possessing you in the other. Yes, your afflicted Rosario alone will fulfil this terrible duty of apprising you that your life is in danger,



Will you not profit by your consciousness to see Monsieur Morano? Does nothing disquiet you? Is your soul ready to appear before God?

“ ‘I have no need of Monsieur Morano,’ said the prince dryly; ‘take away your tears and your fears, and leave me alone.’

“The entrance of the doctors, who had been holding a consultation in the adjoining room, put an end to the conversation; they bled him, and toward the evening found him much relieved. He was, however, greatly agitated, and asked many times how long he had been confined to the bed, called twice for Rosario, but each time sent him away without saying anything.

“I left the castle without speaking to him, as I saw that they no longer felt alarmed, and he was not disposed to receive me. I did not go there the following day, and the next but one Rosario came to seek me; he threw himself into my arms, in great affliction.

“ ‘I have perhaps committed a great fault,’ said he. ‘You were in my father’s chamber day before yesterday; you remember the command he gave me and his prohibition? Well, I have violated it.’

“ ‘And for what reason?’ said I, in surprise.

“He colored, saying : ‘I cannot give you the particulars ; nevertheless, I believe that I followed an imperative duty, and if I were again placed in the same occasion I would not dare to act differently.’

“As he would make no explanations, I gave him permission to confess. He did so with many tears, and begged me to allow him to make his First Communion. I urged him to defer it yet longer, unless he foresaw danger of never making it. He kissed my hand in an affectionate and grateful manner and left me without reply.

“It was about half past six o’clock in the morning. I said my mass at seven ; Rosario assisted, and when giving communion I saw him place himself before the altar, among the peasants who were to receive. He seemed so penetrated with the greatness of the action that I feared that he would faint ; in about half an hour, seeing him excessively pale, I led him into the house. He threw himself into my arms and burst into tears, saying : ‘Oh ! I am happy ; death, captivity, persecution, nothing can harm me now, what have I to fear ?’

“He uttered some phrases quite unintelligibly,

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and in which I could only distinguish the name of his uncle Camille. I obliged him to take some breakfast, after which we returned together to the church, where he spent nearly an hour in an ecstasy of thanksgiving. Upon taking his leave he told me that his father was much better and would probably rise during the day. I never saw Rosario after that time; but I learned the following morning that the prince of Masserano had set out with him in a post chaise tightly closed, which took them out of Spain. Ildephonse remained six months longer at Castle Abbey Ha. It was at that time that Castle Morna was partially consumed by lightning, and the same year he sold the former, together with Isola Doma, and immediately quitted Spain. Since that time a profound oblivion has fallen upon his footsteps, and even upon his very existence. Sixteen years have not consoled me for the loss of Rosario; nothing shall ever efface the remembrance of this angel from my memory, and I shall mourn for him <sup>a</sup>ll the days of my life."

## VI.

**A**FTER finishing his recital Monsieur Morano buried his venerable face bathed in tears within his hands. Signor Don Camille seemed yet more affected.

“O my angelic Rosario,” he cried in a voice low and broken, “what frightful fate has been thine ! Angel of virtue, hast thou already received thy recompense ?”

“It seems to me,” said Don Mancini, “that the death of the count Camille was not a natural one.”

Who would dare admit a doubt of it ?” said the Signor Camille, quickly arousing himself from his profound sadness.

“It would be better not to reflect upon the subject,” added Silva.

“Only think of Rosario,” said the impressionable Oscar ardently. “All is love for religion, enthusiasm for virtue, in the remembrance of this angel. I would give my life to see him and save him. That would be a small thing, however, only the life of Oscar,” added he, with a smile.

“When it is the only tie that binds the life of his father to earth, is it not of some account?” replied Edmund with feeling.

Oscar kissed his hand, saying: “O! yes, without doubt, forgive me, I love life for the sake of my father. But, at least, one day, we shall all be reunited in the better life! Then we shall see Arthur and even Rosario! What a day of bliss! O God of my heart,” continued he, “the purified soul alone can dwell upon it; the thought is too much for the present life!”

Oscar suddenly grew faint, and the attention that his situation required caused a happy diversion to the sadness of Monsieur Morano as also to Signor Don Camille. Upon recovering his senses he became quite calm and even, with a charming gayety, recounted to Monsieur Morano their visit to the ruins of Castle Morna, and asked which chamber in Isola Doma had been the cabinet of Ildephonse.

“It was the room which now serves as an oratory; it opens upon one side into the chapel and upon the other, by means of a private staircase, into the park.” They repaired to the place; Monsieur Morano recognized an opening in the floor, which conducted them by a staircase into a

subterranean hall, the burying place of the princes of Masserano. This hall was well preserved ; it was ornamented with basso relievos and upheld by pillars of black marble.

Signor Don Camille went before his friends and descended into the sepulchre, followed by them. Rosa's tomb was of pure, white marble ; a cross of the same material was its only ornament ; the following words were cut beneath : " I have chosen it. I have borne it. I die upon it." and lower yet : " Here lies the Countess Rosa de Masserano, née de Belmour, who died at the age of twenty-six years and ten days. MDLXV!!." Further on were the tombs destined for Ildephonse and Rosario, both of which were open ; that of Don Camille was closed, but bore no other inscription than his name.

Monsieur Morano said to Silva, that it was the Count Camille who had designed Rosa's tomb according to her desire, and that Ildephonse had not interfered. They returned to the salon, and Don Camille proposed to visit the cabinet of the ruins of Castle Morna, wherein they had found the crucifix belonging to Rosario ; the others consented, and they set out together.

Signor Don Camille seemed deeply moved upon entering the cabinet, and said:

"This was the study of Rosario; his uncle passed here from five to six hours daily during the life of the countess, superintending his education, instructing him in Latin, French, and mathematics. The countess herself had taught him to read and to write; but after his illness his frequent headaches required some distraction from deep studies, and Don Camille taught him music and drawing, which in the course of eighteen months he mastered with astonishing facility. He already drew from nature, and often accompanied his father and uncle upon his mandoline when they sang together."

Don Camille crossed the cabinet and opened the secretary; it contained extracts from ancient and modern history, written by Rosario. Silva took up a small manuscript book, covered with black paper, bearing this title, also in handwriting: "Conversations of Theodore Rosario with the memory of his uncle Camille."

"Let us take this manuscript," said Monsieur Morano; "it will give us, perhaps, some of the particulars of the fate of Rosario." In the window of the cabinet was an open cage, the

door of which was open, and a small piece of dry bread was upon the edge. The mandoline belonging to Rosario, suspended upon the wall, had only pieces of broken cords.

Part of the company seated themselves upon a sofa at the end of the room, while Monsieur Morano, opening the manuscript book, read aloud to his friends :—

“ Herein, Rosario will come to converse with thee ! . . . . to mourn thy loss and to bless the Almighty for having admitted thee to that ineffable happiness which he has not yet merited . . . O Camille ! thou wast to me a father, friend, guide, and the most tender protector ! What will become of the poor, abandoned Rosario without thee ? But what do I say ? He who gave Camille to me will take pity upon my inexperience, my tears !

“ All is dead to me at Castle Morna ! Has my poor heart no more feeling ? Can it no longer love its God, and, in respecting his father, cherish Him ? Almighty God ! deign to descend therein, appease its trouble, perhaps resentment—even injustice ! Ah ! never deliver this soul, which has belonged to none but Thee, to the malice of its passions. Have pity upon me. . . . If Thou



hast permitted the death of Camille, it matters not what instrument Thou hast chosen. Is it for me to penetrate Thy secrets, perhaps as terrible as impenetrable ?

“Thou, Great Mover of all things, who knowest to do good and to draw from evil itself the end Thou dost design, it is Thou who hast taken from me my friend ; and shall my lips murmur, or my heart, shall it accuse men and thus give itself to reproaches or indignation which will fall upon Thee ? No ; never ! I adore Thy power and Thy will. Life and death are in Thy hands ; exile and recompense are Thine ! Thou hast recalled Camille, Thou leavest Rosario to weep. Be blessed ! Strike ! but save the unfortunate who adores Thee !

“Dare I again trace some lines ? In whose hand will they fall, now, that Rosario will never more appear upon the earth ? What have I done ? What fate is reserved for me ? Ah ! if I am not guilty I have nothing to fear, nothing to regret. O Camille ! thy beautiful soul will pardon, pity the crime rather than punish, and so disarm the heavenly vengeance. Will this be the place of my tomb ? I dare not hope it ; this spot is too dear to me ; I would die too happy !

But a desert, a dungeon even, will they not offer to me the same charms ? The presence of God, the memory of Camille, these can never be taken from me ! For twenty hours, imprisoned here, I have seen no one. Shall I perish ? I will bless death ! Oh ! who will soften the anger of my father ? Who can do it, when Camille was not able to do so ? Camille, whom he loved as himself ? Rosario, whom he believes so guilty ?

“ For two days nothing has broken my sad and doubtless my last solitude. Thy little bird, O dear Camille, tries in vain to distract me ; shall it also suffer with me ? No ! Sylphedra shall be free. It will, perhaps, more happy than I, find my loved Camille.

“ How natural is the love of liberty to all creatures ! Thy bird has taken its flight ; thou, also, Camille ! thou hast also experienced this sensation ! For me, I regret not my sad liberty ; I regret nothing but my innocence ; if it is lost, restore it to me ! Why cannot I traverse these flames, fall at the feet of Monsieur Morano, obtain my pardon, and die ? ”

Here the tears of the venerable priest interrupted him. Silva took the manuscript and continued.

“An absolute silence is imposed upon me ; I shall never break it ; at least the act of an inviolable obedience shall be the last of the life of Rosario. I hear the steps, the very movements of those who will never know, perhaps, that so near to them Rosario dies alone and without aid ! Alone ! pardon, O my God ; it is upon Thy bosom, in Thy arms that Rosario breathes his last sigh ! God of love, receive me ! Adieu, Camille ; thy crucifix is upon my heart ; it will receive my last thought.”

“It is very probable,” said the count de Walsingham, “that Rosario had written a part of this manuscript before his last interview with Monsieur Morano ; and that afterwards he was imprisoned here several days.”

Oscar asked Monsieur Morano what kind of a bird it was that inhabited the cage.

“It was a nightingale,” interrupted Don Camille.

“I had raised it ;” . . . and checking himself quickly, he added, stifling a sigh, “Rosario had received it as a gift from his uncle.” It was not alone this little circumstance that caused the solitaires of Isola Doma to suspect that the count Camille and the signor of the same name were

one and the same person ; but they respected his secret and his sorrows.

In quitting the cabinet they repaired to the dilapidated chamber, whose walls bore testimony to the captivity of Rosario. Don Camille passed around it much agitated, and read with mute and profound anguish the inscriptions traced by this interesting prisoner.



## VII.

**A**S the days that Sidney had promised to his friends drew to an end, they accompanied him to the convent of St. Francis, where he was a religious. Lord Seymour, who had been converted there, found himself once more within the walls with much pleasure; all were received with affection and cordiality by the happy inmates of this retreat. Upon taking their leave, Henry pressed Don Camille to return with him to Isola Doma. This spot was so dear to him, and the life of its inhabitants so conformed to that which he had led at the convent of St. Francis, that he consented; and bidding tender adieu to Sidney, he accepted the offer of count Henry to pass at Isola Doma the evening of a stormy life and one laden with all the bitterness of the period.

A more intimate acquaintance with this learned recluse caused his many friends to become more and more attached to him. An unalterable sweetness, a touching and enlightened piety, were in him united to a universal knowledge, which rendered their conversation as interesting as

agreeable. He slept but little, prayed in the chapel until late, and upon returning to his chamber would recite the rosary before retiring to rest. He chose Monsieur Billingham for his confessor, and became quite intimate with Silva and also Oscar, on whom he bestowed very particular care. He took great pleasure in perfecting the uncompleted studies of this interesting young man, and did so with such affection and sweetness as lessened their difficulty and a too serious application on the part of his pupil, which might have destroyed his already feeble health.

As the season of Lent drew near, Edmund and Mary absented themselves from all the pleasures of the carnival; united in spirit to the Church, they spent in seclusion, at Isola Doma, the time in which too often the world insults religion. Lent was passed, with a small number of chosen friends, in much the same manner, whilst Holy Week was devoted to a solemn retreat, held in the pavilion. Continual silence, prayer, and spiritual reading, joined to the offices of the holy days, offered to them charms which the world never could suspect, because too elevated above its vain pleasures.

Don Camille arranged the plan of these days

according to that of the convent of St. Francis. Visits to the poor in the afternoon, upon returning from the church, were the sole distractions to the routine of meditation and prayer. Oscar, having obtained from his father permission to make this retreat with his friends, did so with a fervor which edified all.

Easter having arrived, Monsieur Morano begged Silva to celebrate the solemn high mass of the parish, and said his own at five o'clock. Silva left home very early in the morning to attend this low mass. Oscar joined him when leaving Isola Doma, and asked permission to accompany him to the church.

They set out while it was yet dark; the cold was intense; a heavy snow covered the surrounding country, and it was freezing; the wind also rendered their route very disagreeable. They arrived at the church amidst a crowd of villagers, repairing thither, some for confession, others to be able to attend the mass of their pastor and to receive Holy Communion.

Desirous of being unnoticed, Silva and his friend placed themselves at the entrance of the church, saying their prayers in the meantime while waiting for the mass to begin. They were

thus occupied but a few moments, when their attention was attracted by a person kneeling upon the pavement in the corner near the door ; he was covered and entirely concealed by a poor, black mantle ; his feet, bare and bloody, bore witness to a painful journey ; his hands were clasped ; and their excessive whiteness bore a striking contrast to the idea of labor and misery that his clothing attested. His head was uncovered, and his locks, black and inclined to curl, fell upon his shoulders.

When mass commenced Silva endeavored to recall the wandering thoughts which the appearance of this stranger had caused ; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he was continually attracted and struck by the fervor and profound recollection of this poor man. His hands were folded upon his breast, while stifled sighs testified the profound emotion that he experienced. When the Holy Sacrifice was ended, Silva leaned towards Oscar, saying :—

“ If you have any money to offer to this poor unfortunate, will you not do so ; I have none with me ? ” Oscar took a piece of gold, arose, and approaching the stranger, presented it to him. It was some time before the latter perceived him,



he being so deeply absorbed in prayer. Oscar took his hand, so cold and trembling, within his own. The stranger started and raised towards the two friends an angelic countenance, the extreme pallor of which did not destroy its beauty.

“May heaven be your recompense,” he said in Spanish, at the same time taking the proffered gold; and as he immediately left the church they followed him. He walked slowly, turning frequently towards the church; they saw him pause near a poor woman encumbered by three little children, and heard him say:—

“Take this, my good woman; it is for yourself and children; you owe me no gratitude; I give it to you just as it has been given to me; I possess nothing in this world.”

He then disappeared very quickly, leaving Silva and Oscar, who were by this time quite near him, in great surprise. They attempted in vain to follow, but the crowd, and above all the quickness of his steps, prevented them from doing so. They returned to Isola Doma, unable to satisfy their minds in regard to this strange adventure.

They did not see him again at the church during any of the offices of the day, but he ceased

none the less to occupy their thoughts, and they related the adventure to their friends.

A fortnight after Easter, Edmund and his wife were obliged to return once more to the world. Marie did the honors of her house with so much ease and dignity that Lord Bathurst, who was by no means easy to please in regard to the merits of women in general, spoke loudly in her praise to Henry and Matilda, and this was the more acceptable to them, coming from one holding such peculiar views upon the subject.

The young marquis could offer no plausible excuse for refusing to spend some days at Bayonne with the viscount de Barcameda, who had paid them a visit in the early part of the winter. Marie only consented through fear of giving annoyance to her husband, who had accepted the invitation in her name. Oscar was one of the invited party, also ; and Lord Seymour, being well acquainted with the viscount, promised to rejoin them there.

They were received with the greatest joy by the old viscount, who delighted to show his esteem for them during their stay by giving many splendid entertainments in their honor.

Poor Marie each night, exhausted with wear-

ness, fatigue, and want of sleep, threw herself at the foot of her crucifix, and regretted the peacefulness of the Holy Week spent at Isola Doma, and the moderate pleasures of Castle Abbey Ha. Educated in the principles of the ideas of virtue and honor of the early times, and accustomed solely to a chosen circle of acquaintances of the purest morals, she experienced much anxiety in finding herself so suddenly transported into the midst of French manners, so dissolute at that period, and in seeing herself surrounded by the young and imprudent, who assumed the familiar and conceited tone then in fashion

Trembling also at exposing Edmund, whose proud and spirited character she knew so well, she pressed him to leave at once a place wherein all was so opposed to their habits, their tastes, and their principles. Lord Seymour, who had promised to meet them at Bayonne, had not yet arrived; but they resolved, if he delayed longer, to make some excuse to quit a world so agitated, and to return without delay to their dear solitude.

The same day upon which they formed this resolution the viscount de Barcameda gave a grand ball. Marie at first determined not to appear; but as the solicitations of the viscount

were so pressing, the fear of disobliging the old gentleman caused her to change her intention and consent to appear at the fête, but only upon the condition that she should not be obliged to dance.



## VIII.

**F**ROM the very commencement of the evening the young count de Morven, who had lately arrived from England with his father, presented his homage to the marquise with a most misplaced ardor, and employed all the means possible to oblige her to dance with him. Marie, finding herself so beset by the importunities of the count, knew not how to escape them. Oscar, who was near the marquise, tried in as polite a manner as possible to withdraw her as much as he could from this tiresome personage; but the more Marie appeared distressed, the more did the young count redouble his ridiculous attentions. Oscar, thinking that Edmund did not perceive the unpleasant position in which his wife was placed, said to the young stranger, with a severity slightly softened by a smile:—

“Do you seek to please the ladies by persecuting them?”

The young count only regarded him with a disdainful air.

“You are very young,” continued he in a pleasant tone; “and doubtless you have not yet

experienced the fatal consequences such a lightness may entail."

"Indeed ! and do you intend to be my teacher, sir ? Let us go outside ; my sword has had more experience than either of us ; it will answer you in a manner that will leave no opportunity for a reply."

Oscar smiled coldly.

"God preserve me," said he, "from profaning a sword which has been drawn alone in the service of my country by tarnishing it in such a cause, the curse of society, the shame of religion. No, sir, I will not draw my sword ; and that same religion that interdicts all personal vengeance, prevents me equally from insulting my fellow creatures ; should I have forgotten myself so far, I would not blush to express to you my regrets ; humiliation is in the fault, and not in the reparation. But, as I have not in this instance been the offender, I have nothing to settle with you ; your youth encouraged me to offer you some advice ; you are at liberty to reject it."

"What is your age, may I ask ?" said Hippolyte, who was himself scarcely sixteen years old.

"I am twenty-eight years of age," replied Oscar ; "and yours, sir ?"

“It is of no consequence ; I see that it is not always years that bestow reason.”

Oscar did not take any notice of this impertinence, and Edmund, who came up at this moment, seeing that something unpleasant had occurred, asked what difference he was having with the count de Morven ; but Oscar prudently concealed that Marie had been the subject.

“He is only a child,” said he, “and a wrangler ;” and he recounted part of their conversation, purposely enlarging upon the motives that render duelling so odious to religion and even to natural reason.

Edmund remarked upon the paleness of his wife.

“How could she look otherwise, with that importunate and menacing Morven,” said a young lady in their circle quite imprudently.

“This, then, my dear Oscar, was the real cause of your quarrel,” said Edmund, with badly concealed anger. They arose to pass into the refreshment hall. Edmund gave his arm to Marie ; Hippolyte approached them, and thinking himself at liberty to continue his importunities, addressed some words to the marquise.

“My lord, you will, if you please, cease to

annoy my wife," said Edmund haughtily. Hippolyte regarded him with a contemptuous air, saying :—

"So you are the marquis of Rosline! You.. "

"Well, sir," replied Edmund, restraining his anger, "what motive have you for doubting the name I bear?"

"I have often heard of the marquis of Rosline, particularly at the time of the affair of the count de Tudor; but truly, I can scarcely believe that you are the person."

An insulting laugh accompanied these words. Edmund threw upon him a menacing look; Marie's hand trembled upon his arm, and he quickly led her from the room.

"If you leave me even for a moment," said she "I shall die."

"Dear Edmund," interrupted Oscar, "have the courage and magnanimity to overlook the caprices of an insolent child." Hippolyte heard these words.

"At two o'clock, by the gate," he said to Edmund, and left brusquely. A moment after, the count de Morven came seeking his son. Marie, upon hearing the father of Hippolyte mentioned, asked to speak a moment to him alone,



and they retired into the salon that they had quitted shortly before.

The count de Morven was a man aged about fifty, of a fine figure and of a grave and imposing manner. Upon his forehead passion had left its imprint, and his voice was clear and ringing, but without sweetness. Mary threw herself upon her knees, full of tears, and told him of the imprudence of Hippolyte and the challenge he had given to her husband, the marquis of Rosline.

A bitter sadness seemed to take possession of the count; and raising her with a respectful anxiety, he said:—

“Hippolyte shall not fight, and the good sense of the marquis of Rosline will settle this affair; he will be satisfied with my course of action; or else it will be from me that he shall demand justice. Madame, I shall never forget the service that you rendered me, for, although your love for your husband has been the main cause of your taking this step, I shall not the less owe to you the preservation of my son, whom I worship.”

Mary was not a little re-assured, and returned so the salon, where Oscar was exhausting his persuasive eloquence upon Edmund.

The count de Morven stopped the young marquis.

“My lord,” said he, “my son has insulted you, wounded you; I am ashamed to acknowledge that at his age I might have done the same, but you are reasonable, and I do not believe that a false point of honor will cause you to risk a life so precious to the most worthy of wives. If you will overlook the folly of a spoiled child, the idol of his father, I assure you Hippolyte will never offend you again in the future; if, however, you require reparation, I offer myself in his place.”

Edmund was not yet in a condition to reply coolly.

“Dear Edmund,” said Mary, trembling violently, “have pity upon me and upon thy poor mother, who will die of sorrow, whatever may be the issue of this fatal combat.”

Edmund shuddered at the idea of the danger to which he would expose those whom he held most dear upon earth.

“Pardon me, Marie,” said he, with tears in his eyes. “O my dear wife, I will spare that to those whom I hold most dear; fear nothing; Edmund will not shed any blood. . . . No, never!”

The count de Morven pressed the hand of the young marquis.

"I will go in your place," said he, smiling, "to meet my son; you may foresee the issue of this interview. It is not the first annoyance that the caprices of Hippolyte have given me; I have spoiled my child, and it is my own fault." He murmured some words as if only for himself, and Oscar assured Edmund that he had distinguished the name "Rosario." Whether this was true or only the effect of his imagination is not easy to determine.



## IX.

**N**EXT morning, Edmund received a letter of apology from Hippolyte, wherein he acknowledged his fault, asked pardon, and promised for the future that he would never give him any matter for complaint. Enclosed within the same envelope was one for Oscar; it read thus:—

“MY LORD :—One might doubt the sincerity of my excuses to the marquis de Rosline, and suppose my letter was dictated by a severe and irritated father; but with you, my soul may perhaps be better known. Hippolyte is young and rash, the slave of his passions, and he has not yet learned, like the prudent Oscar, to weigh in the balance of reason his actions and his desires; he is not, however, incapable of re-entering into himself; he appreciates the value of your wise counsel, and begs your friendship. In the sincere desire of rendering himself worthy of it, he remains,

Your devoted and very unhappy,

CAMILLE HIPPOLYTE DE MORVEN.”

Oscar was deeply touched by this note. The

same day the count de Morven called upon the viscount de Barcemedà with Hippolyte. The latter could with difficulty be recognized as the person of the night before, so much was he changed.

"I have brought my son," said the count, "to prove to you that his regrets are real; I love him, and I have spoiled him, I acknowledge, but I have proved to him that even those who are dearest to me cannot with impunity abuse my love."

Hippolyte looked pale and downcast, his appearance was sad, and he kept a painful silence.

"Ah! my Lord," said Oscar quickly, "we do not doubt the good sense and the regrets of Count Hippolyte; a noble heart like his can commit a thoughtless act and repair it perfectly." He then seated himself beside Hippolyte, and with that delicacy which pervaded all his actions expressed the pleasure that he had promised himself in this friendship, and succeeded in gaining the heart of the young man entirely. He urged him to ask his father's permission to spend some weeks at Castle Abbey Ha.

During this time, Edmund was conversing with the count de Morven, who desired much to

know who Oscar might be ; and the marquis of Rosline hastened to gratify his desire.

“ He is the son of Lord Bathurst,” said he. “ He seldom leaves me ; and I love him like a brother.”

“ Ah ! that expresses all,” replied the count, with strange emotion ; then, stifling a deep sigh, added : “ I had a brother, . . . I loved him ! . . . .” He paused ; his face became clouded ; the marquis of Rosline regarded him with sympathy ; but his attention was diverted by the sight of Hippolyte, who was taken suddenly faint. As he became quite unconscious, they carried him to Oscar’s bed and sent for the physician, who, upon arriving, asked for the details. The count de Morven did not seem as much distressed as the remainder of the company, and apprised the doctor of that which had passed.

“ My son much desired to engage in a duel,” said he ; “ I was strongly opposed to it, and as I have always, up to this time, humored him, I spoke for the first time with the authority of an irritated father. I also acquainted him with the misfortunes which happened before his birth, and of which he was as yet unconscious ; I fear that this, united to his tears and

want of sleep, has produced this indisposition."

In about two hours Hippolyte opened his eyes and gave a troubled glance upon all those who surrounded him, and, seeing Oscar near him, he seized his hand with a convulsive movement.

"O my God," said he, with a changed voice, "My God, save me! save me! my father! . . . my lord . . . Am I still your son? will this title be more sacred in my regard? Generous Oscar, be a mediator between him and me! Where is my father?"

"If his severity has afflicted you," replied Oscar sweetly, "you will later on recognize in it a proof of his love."

"Oh! it is more than severity," cried Hippolyte quickly; "he must be a barbarian! I did not believe him capable of so much cruelty."

"Do not speak thus of your father," said Oscar, placing his hand upon the mouth of the excited boy; "I do not know what religion prescribes to you upon this point; but for us Catholics, we would treat more respectfully our greatest enemies."

Hippolyte colored. Oscar was much embarrassed upon perceiving the count de Morven standing behind, his arms crossed and his eyes

fastened upon his son, his countenance expressing more anxiety and sorrow than severity. He regarded Oscar for some time, stifled a deep sigh, and took the burning hand of Hippolyte, who, upon perceiving him, uttered a piercing cry and became unconscious.

The count took him in his arms; and notwithstanding the wishes of the physician that he would withdraw persisted in remaining near him. The cares of a mother could not equal his; he watched his son the two days and nights that he was delirious, without ever leaving him. He spoke but little to those who assisted him, and not a word to Hippolyte, who did not recognize him. Oscar prayed often near the bed of the invalid; at such times the count de Morven expressed himself by signs, or spoke in a very low tone to the watchers or physician, that he might not distract him nor show disrespect towards a religion not his own.

One day Hippolyte was sleeping very soundly, with his head resting on his father's arm, and Oscar was conversing in a low tone with Edmund.

"Do you ever think of Rosario?" said he; "for my part, he is constantly before me?"

"Did you ever know any one of that name



in Spain?" asked the count de Morven.

"He was the son of the prince Ildephonse of Masserano," replied Edmund. "No one knows if he is yet alive."

"You could not have known him, my lord, you are too young, both of you."

"That is true, but we have heard such a touching recital of his misfortunes that we already love him, even without knowing him. They say that he was charming," added Oscar.

"Yes," replied the count, "he possessed rare beauty and an angelic countenance, but an obstinate character, very remarkable at his age."

"Rosario obstinate!" replied Oscar quickly. "Ah! my lord, you surely could not have known him well."

"No one knew him better than I," replied the count de Morven. At this moment a deep sigh from Hippolyte attracted his attention; he looked at him, and his eyes filled with tears. The patient awoke, looked at his father, shuddered, and endeavored to escape from the bed.

The count prevented him, with a tenderness mingled with force; Hippolyte clasped his hands in frenzy and gave his father an entreating look.

“What have I done to thee, cruel child,” said the count, “to have inspired thee with such fear?” But while he asked the question his conduct sufficiently explained the reason; he pressed his arms around his son with an expression of mingled anger and love, indignation and sadness. The invalid fainted and fell upon the bed, pale and exhausted.

“It would be better, my lord, for you not to see your son until he is better,” said Edmund.

“No,” replied the count, with an expression of dark despair, “the less he sees me the more dangerous would be our first meeting; he must become accustomed to my presence; if his love for me does not revive in his heart, better he should die. I should soon follow him,” added he in a low voice.

Hippolyte looked at his father with an attention mingled with fear—

“You wish Hippolyte to die? Who will be left to love you then?” said he sadly.

“Thy brother, who loves me and whom I hate; and thou, my idol, thou dost abhor me.”

“Give me back my brother,” said Hippolyte with energy; “we will then both love you.”

The count de Morven regarded him wildly.

“ Ah yes ! thou dost well to abhor me, I have deprived thee of thy brother ! But thou hast never known him, thou canst not love him as I loved mine. But it is well ; hate me ! I will immolate, I will tear the very life from the assassin of Camille. Thou shalt be avenged.”

“ My God ! have pity on me,” cried Hippolyte, throwing himself into the arms of Oscar.

This movement recalled the wandering thoughts of the count ; he cast upon his son a look full of tenderness and love, replaced him upon the bed, and resting the head of the invalid upon his breast, said :—

“ Rest thyself and be calm ; thou art greatly agitated, my poor Hippolyte ; live for me ; live for thy father, who has only thee in this world ! ”

Hippolyte leaned lovingly on the count de Morven ; his face was bathed in tears.

“ Then you still love me ? ”

“ Thou seemest to doubt it, my child ; what else have I to love upon this earth, and who else could cause me to care for life, save thou ? ”

A ray of joy overspread the delicate face of the young invalid, who, murmuring some broken words, fell asleep upon the arms of his father.

Nothing could equal the tender and delicate care and the solicitude lavished by the count de Morven upon his son; he would pass entire hours in the most fatiguing positions rather than by the slightest movement disturb the slumbers of Hippolyte. He never complained, nor sought a moment's repose; he could with difficulty be induced to take a little soup. Hippolyte awoke from this deep sleep calmer; his father pressed a kiss upon his forehead and gave him a drink, which he obstinately refused, although it was absolutely necessary that he should take something to allay the fever. His father begged him to grant him this satisfaction. Hippolyte, naturally violent and self-willed, and whose mind was clouded by illness, dashed away from him many times the cup that his father held to his lips; however, the persevering gentleness of the count triumphed over his caprices.

The life of the invalid was for many days after in great danger, and this circumstance prolonged the visit of the inhabitants of Isola Doma, for they could not consent to leave Oscar; and this good and sensible young man, whose presence was so soothing to Hippolyte, declared to them that he would not leave him until his health was re-estab-

lished, saying: "He needs my care, and his soul has even more need of some serious advice, which I have reserved until he is well."



## X.

**H**IPPOLYTE was soon quite restored to health. One day, as his father and Oscar were assisting him into the garden, a favorable opportunity presented itself, and the latter invited the count to pass some time at a beautiful country seat that Lord Bathurst had lately purchased, not far from Bayonne.

“Is it not in Spain?” enquired the count. “I do not dare to set my foot in that country; my religion is proscribed there.”

“But, my lord,” replied Oscar, “pardon my curiosity; your name is Scotch, but you do not seem to be a countryman of mine.”

“It is true; I was born in Spain, but it is more than sixteen years since I quitted that country never to return; Hippolyte was born in Switzerland, and I have been constantly travelling since. I am a widower; his mother died in giving him birth; and as she was already in a decline this child was naturally so feeble and delicate that many times I have doubted the possibility of raising him; it is this which has caused me to humor him and spoil him by too

much affection and care, without which he would probably not have lived until now."

"And all the care that you have lavished upon him has made him yet dearer to you?"

"I was naturally ardent and susceptible," replied the count, "and these two sentiments are concentrated upon Hippolyte, who is all that has remained to me of those whom I have passionately loved."

"Then, my lord, you have in Spain neither relation nor friend?"

He sighed.

"I should have one friend there, but I have already done him too much harm to expect that he should desire to see me again."

"Was he not a Catholic?" asked Oscar sweetly.

"I divine your thought; it is a just one; but all are not worthy of the name; however, he of whom I speak was an angel; and if he yet lives his prayers are offered for me. Where is your country seat situated?" added he after a short silence.

"In Navarre, near Castle Abbey Ha." The count changed color; Oscar explained to him how the chateau had passed into the family of

Medina ; he spoke of Castle Morna, also. The count de Morven allowed him to continue without interrupting him ; but, after having detailed the visits made to the ruins Oscar drew from his pocket the little manuscript book of Rosario and showed it to him.

“ Is not this the handwriting of the son of the prince of Masserano ? ”

“ Yes, it is that of Rosario,” replied the count with an altered manner ; “ it is thought that the child perished in the flames that consumed Castle Morna, wherein he was confined.”

“ Poor little angel,” replied Oscar sadly ; “ he is, then, no more ! But who held him thus a prisoner ? ”

“ One of his parents, whom he had grievously offended.”

Oscar, seeing that this conversation deeply affected Hippolyte, who was listening attentively, turned the conversation upon another subject. His importunities to induce the count de Morven to visit Spain were in vain, so he proposed, under pretext of giving Hippolyte a change of air, to visit the convent of St. Francis, where Sidney belonged, and this invitation the count accepted.

Oscar had already formed the plan of effecting



a friendship between Silva and Hippolyte ; so, as soon as he had received the promise of the count to visit the convent, he wrote to Silva that he might meet them there, and related to him all that he knew of the young count de Morven. The father of the young man did not, however, again allude to the proposed visit, until reminded of it by Hippolyte.

“Decidedly, I shall not go,” replied the count ; “but I will allow you to visit there with lord Bathurst.”

Hippolyte was quite satisfied with this arrangement and set out with Edinund and Oscar. He was received with great distinction and extreme kindness, and Don Camille, whom Silva brought with him, seemed deeply moved at seeing the young Morven, and fearing it would be noticed, said :—

“Pardon my agitation, but you recall to me so vividly one whom I have tenderly loved, and the more I hear your voice the more apparent is the resemblance. Your name is Hippolyte ?”

“Yes sir ; my first name is Camille ; but they call me Hippolyte.”

“And what is your father’s name ?”

“Ildephonse de Morven.”

“Your mother is not living, is she?”

“No; she was of the family of Villa Flor.”

“You are not of our religion, nor your father either, I believe?”

“We are Calvinists, but I have heard that my mother was a Catholic.” When Hippolyte met Silva he asked him who was this Don Camille. Afterwards, when walking with his friends in the convent garden, he saw the refectory, where the religious were at table; their silence, their recollection, and the frugality of their repast struck him; he returned to the parlor, where refreshments were served to himself and his party.

“I cannot conceive,” said he to Oscar, “how people dare speak of Catholics, and particularly of religious, with so much contempt, if they are all like these.”

“All certainly should resemble these,” replied Oscar; “and if sometimes their manners dishonor their religion I do not understand how the blame can rest upon the latter, but, on the contrary, the evil should excite in others a greater desire to practise their holy religion as perfectly as possible.”

“That is true,” said Hippolyte quickly; “if I were my own master, I would live here; but I

fear that if I should only speak of it, even in jest, my father would kill me ; my uncle Villa Flor, who lives with us, has such a horror of Catholics that he has often told me that my poor mother's death was occasioned solely by her devotion to her religion."

Silva turned the conversation ; Don Camille asked Hippolyte if he had finished his studies.

"I do not think they are even commenced," said the young man spiritedly ; "my uncle, who interferes with that which he does not understand himself, neither wishes that I should have an instructor nor go to the university."

"It seems to me," said Oscar smiling, "that you cherish a great love for your uncle."

"I cannot tolerate him," replied Hippolyte brusquely, "but I must be friendly with him, for my father acts entirely according to his views ; he is my greatest torment."

"Listen," said Oscar ; "we will arrange it so that you shall have a tutor, who will instruct you properly ; and it will be that young man," added he, indicating Silva ; "but be cautious, and do not say that you have met him here."

"Your project is charming, but impracticable ;

you do not know my father ; no Catholic dare approach the house."

" Be at rest, I will undertake it."

They took leave of the religious and returned to the viscount de Barcameda. Hippolyte spoke only of the gardens and building, but not at all of the inmates of the convent. Two days after, the count de Morven made his apologies and proffered his thanks to the viscount, and took his departure. He pressed Oscar to pass some days with him, and as the latter rather expected this invitation, he pleaded the arrival of a friend, whom he expected at Bayonne, to pass a month with him, adding :—

" He is young, cheerful, and well educated ; if I only dared to bring him, this would be the only way in which I could accept your kind invitation, which I regret much to refuse." The count immediately acted upon the proposal, and Oscar, full of his project, went to seek Silva, who, always devoted to the interest of souls, had no other will nor plan, but which he would sacrifice to this one end and object of all his desires. Oscar had already anticipated all the difficulties which might prevent this project ; but as he acted for the eternal welfare of the soul of

Hippolyte and even, perhaps, that of his father, what obstacles might not disappear before this hope. Therefore they arrived at the house of the count de Morven, who had engaged a very beautiful country seat on the banks of the Adour for the time that he expected to remain at Bayonne.

They were warmly welcomed ; and at the name of "Walsingham" the count affectionately took the hand of Silva.

"Your countenance betrayed your name," said he ; "I knew your father more than eighteen years ago. He saved my life in France, when we were travelling together ; he was with an uncle, the count de Tancredi, my carriage was overturned in an unfrequented road, and without their united care I should have been dangerously wounded ; but do not remind him of this circumstance, as I did not then bear the name of Morven." He added these latter words with some agitation, and immediately presented to his guests his brother-in-law, the chevalier de Villa Flor. The latter welcomed them without much appearance of pleasure. He seemed considerably older than Hippolyte's father, although he was in reality younger ; but a dissipated life

had told upon him, injuring his health and loading him prematurely with the infirmities of old age. The chevalier had a superficial mind, which shone but could not take the place of solid judgment; his side-long glance, his affected smile, and his character, at the same time weak and imperious, naturally displeased Hippolyte, who was quick and impetuous, but frank and sensible and an enemy to all dissimulation.

Oscar could with difficulty understand how peace could reign among them; but a short residence sufficed for one with his penetration to discover that the chevalier was dependent upon the count de Morven, and that he never contradicted Hippolyte in things wherein his father was much interested, so as to excite a difference or cause a rupture. As for the rest, he exercised a great ascendancy over the mind of the count, which was founded upon despicable flatteries and great toleration for his most petty weaknesses.

Silva appeared in this family gay, but reserved, peaceable, and perfectly amiable; he concealed his mind, his reason, and even his piety, to the end that in the future he might

gain great advantages ; the count did not conceal his affection for him, and pressed him to prolong his visit.

One morning Oscar took the count aside and spoke to him confidentially of the talents and education of young Walsingham, and of the total loss of his fortune, and proposed to him to become his benefactor by selecting him to undertake the education of Hippolyte. The count hesitated : “ I could ask for no one better ; the young man is virtuous, amiable, and has no peculiar or fanatical ideas in regard to his religion ; but my brother-in-law affects to instruct Hippolyte ; and although the latter learns nothing, I could with difficulty consent to cede him to the care of another.”

“ If you spoke to him of it as a good work,” replied Oscar, “ he would agree to it, and you would draw therefrom precious advantages ; but is he more than you the master of your child ? ”

“ That is very true,” said the count ; surprised by his feeble rights, for he was extremely jealous of his own authority. “ It shall be so,” continued he ; “ I consent ; say to lord Silva that the thing is settled. I ask only one condition, which is, that there shall never be any conversa-

tion upon the question of religion. He shall be free to observe his, provided that it does not interfere with the studies of Hippolyte; but he must respect ours, and never permit any reflections upon the subject; as for the rest, let him fix his terms. I will place no restrictions upon them; I have a large fortune, and I know that all the goods of the world could never repay to a faithful instructor the debt of gratitude." Oscar praised the generosity of the count, and hastened to inform Silva of the happy success of their pious design.

It required the generous soul of Oscar, who judged so correctly the soul of his friend by his own, to conceive and so rapidly execute a design wherein a thousand others would have seen so many obstacles. That life, so new and painful to Silva, the state of dependence and of restraint, the separation from his family, his friends, his apostolic labors suspended, and a thousand other sacrifices! But Oscar loved and sought the glory of God above all things; he knew that Henry and Silva cherished this same desire, and no doubt entered his mind as to the success of his plan. In effect, Silva partook of the holy joy of his friend during his recital of that which had



passed, and the same day the count de Morven invested him with full powers and presented him to his son, who received him with transports of joy.



## X.

ALL things being arranged, Edmund and Mary quitted Bayonne. Oscar, who accompanied them, took a very affectionate leave of Silva, who at the moment of departure drew the former aside, saying :—

“ As you are acquainted with the strange adventure I had in the church on the feast of Easter, and as you have also shared in the interest as well as the curiosity that was awakened in me by this person whom we encountered, I wish to tell you that I have seen him since and during your absence. It was about eight days after you left for Bayonne when, as I was walking alone one evening in the forest, I was overtaken by the night ; but a beautiful, clear moon caused me to feel no disquietude, and I walked slowly towards the chateau ; soon I became conscious of the shadow of a person who seemed to be following me, and at the same time I felt myself seized by the hem of my cloak, and what was my surprise and joy upon recognizing the mysterious stranger who was yet living in my memory.

“ ‘I believe that you are an ecclesiastic,’ said he in a low and entreating voice ; ‘listen to my confession ; I have only a word to say to you, and I shall die happy.’ I regarded him with lively compassion.

“ ‘I am at your service,’ I replied, ‘but you seem to be nearly perished with the cold.’

“ ‘Oh ! no ; I am accustomed to the cold and habituated to suffering ; but it is the fresh air which affects me, because I breathe it but rarely.’

“In fact, he trembled so violently that he could scarcely speak. We retired to the shade of some trees ; he threw himself upon his knees, and his voice was broken with tears ; I feared that he would not be able to speak ; however, he made his confession and remained for some time after plunged into a deep recollection. Then, rising, he seized my hand and pressed it convulsively.

“ ‘If you desire to receive Holy Communion,’ I said, ‘we could enter the church ; I have a key to the sacristy, and when midnight is past I will fulfil this desire.’ ‘My God !’ cried he, ‘what have I done to deserve such great happiness !’

“ ‘Take my arm,’ I said, ‘and tell me why

you are so poorly clothed; you will perish with the cold.'

" 'I am of all creatures in this world the most abandoned! But no, I err! I have no reason to complain, the child of Providence, whom Almighty God has rendered a stranger to all creatures, that He may take sole care of me; He holds me in His arms, sustains my life, and re-animates it when it seems, as it often does, that it would escape me and become extinguished.'

" He kept silence for some time. As a sharp wind was blowing, I proposed to lead him secretly through the ruins of Castle Morna and by the way of the tombs to my own chamber.

" 'You will thus be able to warm yourself,' added I, 'and I can then give you Holy Communion in the chapel of Isola Doma.'

" 'You live in Isola Doma?' said he in an altered voice; 'Ah! pray for Camille, Ildephonse, and Rosario!'

" I insisted upon my proposition, but he replied:

" 'No; do not press me; for it is impossible; and it is so many years since I have felt the warmth of a fire that I could not bear it.'

" 'What!' cried I; 'you are without a fire this cold, cold winter?'

“He pressed my hand, and with a charming smile said :—

“ ‘One who has had no experience cannot suspect what he may be capable of enduring, and yet live.’

“At this moment, a feeble light appeared among the ruins of Castle Morno. He made a sudden movement and added quickly :—

“ ‘I must this time renounce the greatest blessing here below ; but I feel assured that I shall at some other time receive that happiness. Would it be imposing upon your goodness too much,’ continued he, ‘to beg your presence here the vigil of Pentecost ? I can then follow you to the church. But to night my absence might excite suspicion ; I must now leave you.’

“I promised him to accede to his desire ; he raised my hand to his lips, then, kneeling, asked my blessing, which when received he turned quickly as lightning and disappeared amidst the ruins. Since that time,” continued Silva, “I have never seen him ; but I confide this to you, so that, if you meet him, you may be of some use ; I will ask permission of the count de Morven to pass two days at Isola Doma, towards Pentecost, to the end that I may be able

to keep my engagement and meet the unknown at the appointed place."

Oscar was deeply touched with the confidence of his friend as also by the recital of his adventure, and promised to write to him if anything should transpire during his absence.

Silva separated from his friends and in the household of the count de Morven found the secret of attaching the count and his son more and more closely to himself; but he failed entirely in softening the mercenary soul of the chevalier de Villa Flor. Hippolyte, delighted to find his tutor young, amiable, and affectionate, devoted himself to his studies with an ardor joined to a natural aptness and made such rapid progress that he soon gave promise of rare ability. Silva profited by the confidence shown him by his pupil to enlighten him upon his duty to his father, and with great sweetness he interdicted all murmurings, complaints, and unkind remarks, however just, in regard to the conduct of the chevalier.

"Although he should have all the vices that you impute to him," said he one day, "Christian charity, and the respect due to the memory of your mother, should impose silence upon you, and even interdict any reflection upon his con-

duct. As my religion is not the same as yours," continued he, "I am not able to decide what latitude your religious opinions may give to charity; but without entering into any discussion upon this point, or meddling in any useless examinations, which are prohibited by your father, I know that he would never prevent me from instilling into his son more respect and regard for his relatives, and more love and veneration for himself. Ah! Hippolyte, you would be most ungrateful if you should forget the care, the tenderness, the watchfulness of such a good father, his fears, his love."

"I have considered all that; I love my father," replied the young man with emotion; "but if you only knew how one single hour has enlightened me as to the dependence I should place upon this tenderness. Ah! allow me to open my heart, and reveal to you its frightful secret!"

"Never," said Silva; "never shall I consent to that; those secrets belong as much to the count de Morven as to you. Enter into your soul, Hippolyte; question your conscience; it will tell you that you are already culpable for having spoken with so much indiscretion of the author

of your life ! Re-enter yourself, my very dear friend, and promise me that you will seriously examine, each day, your thoughts, words, and actions. Let this examen always precede your repose at night. When you shall have discovered all your daily imperfections, there will remain no more leisure nor desire to observe those of others."

"I have never thought of examining my actions," said Hippolyte.

"Do you intend to wait until God shall cite you before his tribunal, to render a strict and exact account ?"

The appearance of the count de Morven, with a book in his hand and quite close to them, interrupted Silva. The count had, indeed, overheard the entire conversation, and his esteem for his son's tutor was much increased accordingly.

Silva asked permission, according to his agreement, to absent himself during the vigil and day of Pentecost.

"It is not because I do not feel able to celebrate the feast here," said he ; "but, before having the honor of making your acquaintance, I had appointed a meeting with an unhappy friend, for whom I promised to perform a service,



and who will come to Isola Doma expressly to speak to me."

"Do you, then, reside in the pavilion of Castle Abbey Hall?"

"I have a small room therein."

"Who is the curate of the parish?"

"It is Monsieur Morano."

"Do you know of a peasant there who bears the name of Oberonzo?"

"Not particularly; but the little that I have seen of him has caused me to conclude that he is a very extraordinary man, and one as insensible to kindness as to fear."

"He is a man without any religion," replied the count.

"I feared so, and I pity him; for it is the greatest of all possible misfortunes," said Silva, with a deep sigh. "I should think from his name, which is certainly Spanish, that he has been reared in the Catholic faith; but there is a time when the abandonment of God becomes so apparent, on account of the great hardness of heart, that it requires a miracle of the divine clemency to cause one to return to virtue; however, we have many such examples, and we may consequently believe that during this mor-

tal life, it is never too late to repent, and that the divine mercy is never refused to penitent sinners."

Silva arrested himself ; his thoughts, of which Oberonzo was not in reality the subject, were penetrating too far ; he perceived it, warmly expressed his gratitude to the count de Morven, and left him.

Hippolyte, upon learning that Silva was about to leave them, begged permission to accompany him. Silva, knowing how opposed to this project his father would be, was yet in the act of raising objections, when the count, rejoining them, inquired the subject of their discussion. Hippolyte actually shed tears through a spirit of contrariety and annoyance at being contradicted. Silva concealed nothing from his father.

"With any other than you, my dear Silva," said the count, "I should certainly refuse my consent ; but if it is solely the fear of displeasing me that has caused you to refuse my son's request, and if taking charge of him would not inconvenience you in your journey, I trust to your honor. Take him with you, but respect his religion." Silva pressed the hand of the count.

"Your confidence imposes upon me a sacred

obligation, for which I will be responsible; I trust that Hippolyte appreciates the full extent of your condescension."

The young man threw himself into the arms of his father: "I shall then see Oscar; what a great happiness!" he cried; "my father, I will be more obedient to your wishes upon my return than ever; you shall never have cause to repent of having made your son thus happy."

The count kissed his forehead and brushed away some tears, of which Silva could not then fathom the cause.



## XII.

**S**ILVA and Hippolyte set out the following morning, at day-break. Nothing could compare with the joy of Hippolyte ; his spirits became buoyant and he committed a thousand follies, at which Silva smiled pleasantly, happy in the innocent enjoyment of his young friend. While crossing the Pyrenees they met upon the road a woman, very poorly dressed, who saluted Silva. She was a destitute person, who lived in the neighborhood of Castle Abbey Ha. Silva approached her, and Hippolyte, who was observing them closely, saw that he placed in her hand a piece of gold.

“ Was that a pauper ? ” said he to Silva, when the latter rejoined him.

“ She is from my neighborhood,” said Silva evasively. “ I am quite well acquainted with her.”

“ But you have given her a large alms,” persevered Hippolyte.

Silva colored, saying :

“ I owed her that money.”

“ You owed it to her, as we all owe to the un-

fortunate all that it is in our power to bestow."

Silva smiled, pleased that his pupil began to comprehend the obligations imposed by charity.

They arrived finally at Castle Abbey Ha, as Silva deemed it best not to bring Hippolyte to Isola Doma until he had acquainted Henry and Matilda of his arrival. He asked for Oscar, who, upon meeting him, pressed him to his heart, and seeing Hippolyte, hastened to welcome him with that noble openheartedness which had already gained for him the heart of the young man.

The solitaires of Isola Doma, when apprised of the arrival of Hippolyte, blessed the mysterious design of Providence that had conducted to this holy dwelling the son of the count de Morven. Don Camille seemed greatly affected, and his emotion while pressing him to his heart was quite noticeable. On his side, Hippolyte was seized with veneration for all those by whom he was surrounded; the impression which he had experienced at the Franciscan convent was revived at Isola Doma: he felt much joy at seeing Don Camille, and already his frivolous heart began to enjoy a silent and peaceful happiness. He insisted upon joining with the others in the evening devotions, which were conducted in the chapel,

knelt when they did so, and during the examen of conscience his recollection was most edifying. He complained to Silva the same evening of not yet understanding how to make this examen, and begged the latter humbly to assist him, by pointing out the faults that he had remarked in him during the day. Silva promised to do so. Hippolyte slept well, and awoke very happy, and seeing that Silva had already gone to the chapel, followed him, remained there as long as he did, and then accompanied him to the salon below. The young de Morven was already much changed from the time that Silva first came to live with them ; his docility to, and love for his amiable guide were without bounds ; he studied his countenance, that he might learn all that which pleased or displeased him, and nothing was powerful enough, it seemed, to cause him to disobey one whom he loved so tenderly.

Silva took him with him to visit the village, and did not hesitate to receive the gratitude of the poor for the benefits bestowed upon them by Henry, Matilda, and himself, as he thought by this means Hippolyte's esteem for virtue and benevolence might be greatly increased. He had already diminished in his scholar an immoderate taste

for vain and useless extravagance, and by his example as much as by his words had insensibly instilled into him a wise and praiseworthy economy, which, without sacrificing whatever might be due to his rank in society, retrenched all that savored of frivolity and luxury. Silva was too truly Christian not to be deeply penetrated by this great truth, "that fortune is bestowed upon man only for the purpose of sharing it with the unfortunate and as a means of gaining, through benevolence and voluntary privation, the eternity, which is for others the price of obligatory sacrifice and Christian resignation, in the obscure and painful state in which He who owes no account to mortals either of actions or distributions of His goods has caused them to be born and to die."

However, although occupied with Hippolyte, Silva did not forget the real motive of his visit to Isola Doma. Towards evening, after prayer in common, and when they all had retired, he with Oscar took the way to the forest, the latter having begged to accompany him, on the condition of concealing himself as soon as the unknown should make his appearance.

They waited, however, some time in vain.

Silva was not discouraged. The following day

being Pentecost, Hippolyte attended church in the morning; he returned also to Benediction and was charmed by the majesty of the ceremonies and offices. Silva returned towards evening to the forest, where scarcely half an hour had passed before the interesting stranger arrived, and throwing himself at the feet of Silva, said :—

“Forgive me, I was not at liberty to come yesterday; I shall be distressed if I caused you to wait uselessly. Silva raised and embraced him, while he asked if his sufferings had been mitigated. The unknown remained some time without replying; then, casting towards heaven a look of resignation, said : “Since I saw you last I have been alone, . . . as I always am,” he added slowly.

“It is not yet eleven o’clock,” said Silva; “will you come to the church or wait here until midnight is past?”

“Let us go to the church,” replied he quickly; “two hours will soon pass.” He sighed : “perhaps they may be the last of my life! Who are you,” said he again to Silva, “and how is it that you are living in the house of the prince of Masserano?”

“I am not acquainted with the prince. Isola



Doma has not belonged to him for many years ; he is no longer in Spain."

The stranger leaned heavily upon Silva's arm, turning very pale.

"He is no longer here !" repeated he sadly, "and I shall probably never again see him ! Thy will, O my God, be done !"

They repaired to the church ; Silva had requested Oscar to precede him there. The stranger upon entering, threw himself upon his knees in the choir, crossed his hands upon his breast, and remained absorbed in contemplation. Silva lighted the tapers ; and after his preparation, at the hour of one o'clock, celebrated his mass ; Oscar served, and the unknown approached the altar. Silva gave him Holy Communion, as likewise to Oscar, who was prepared for the same happiness.

The countenance of the stranger was bathed in tears ; a vivid brilliancy, caused by his deep emotion, rendered his beauty most ravishing. About a quarter of an hour after he had communicated he lost all consciousness ; Oscar, kneeling beside him, sustained him in his arms. Silva, who had finished his thanksgiving, came to him, and they bore him into a small room adjoining

the sacristy and poured some wine into his mouth.

Under his cloak the young stranger wore a garment of black silk. Silva took a new soutane belonging to him from the sacristy closet and said :—

“ Put this robe under your cloak; it will make you a little warmer, and you will then bear the livery of the Lord.”

He consented, saying :—

“ I was consecrated to the Lord from my birth; I offered myself to Him before the age of seven years; He has accepted my sacrifice, for He has kept me for Himself alone ! ” Then, attentively regarding Silva and Oscar, he asked their names and if they were brothers.

“ Yes, we are brothers in Jesus Christ,” said Oscar quickly, “ united in His service and in love for you.”

“ Love for me ! ” repeated the unknown slowly. “ It is a long time since this heart, so full of love, has had the opportunity of inspiring it in others.”

Oscar folded him in his arms.

“ Can we not retain you with us ? ” said he, with the ardor natural to him; “ you will then find out if we know how to love ! Ah ! tell us your name ; but already my heart has divined it.”

“I have no longer any name ; abandoned—renounced by the author of my days, I am the child of God ; He alone remains to me ; He is sufficient. I have lost nothing, but my exile is long, and perhaps it may be much longer yet !”

He pressed the hands of Oscar and also of Silva, carrying that of the latter to his lips, so colorless and icy ; he seemed ready to faint ; again Oscar caught him and made him sit down ; the stranger cast around him a sad and dejected glance.

“There are moments,” said he, “when all my courage leaves me ; my soul grows weak and seems ready to succumb to sadness and weariness ; then I re-animate the little strength that yet remains to me to cast myself into the arms of Him who permits me to be thus tried, and little by little peace is again restored to my soul.”

“Where do you live in such a state of solitude?”

“Pardon my silence ; it must be inviolable. But I must leave you,” continued he ; “and I shall bear away with me the memory of your goodness ; may I hope to see you again ?”

“Whenever you desire it,” said Silva ; “appoint the day ; I will be punctual ; and in case of an unforeseen impossibility, my friend will meet you and inform you of the reason.”

They re-entered the church ; the stranger prostrated himself before the altar ; then, rising, wiped away his tears and went out with the two friends, with whom he appointed the feast of the Assumption for their next meeting. They selected a stone among the ruins, under which Silva promised to place a letter if he desired to make anything known to him. The stranger also promised in his turn to place a letter there in case he should desire Silva's presence before the appointed time, and Oscar charged himself with the office of visiting the stone daily.

“ But I have neither pencil nor paper,” said the stranger ; so Silva promised to conceal under the stone a small blank-book and likewise a pencil, which would answer for both. They embraced ; the stranger asked Silva's blessing, and having received it begged them not to follow him, and disappeared among the ruins.

The two friends returned to Isola Doma, conversing about this most interesting of persons. Silva, of course, knew him better than Oscar, but, bound by the secret of confession, he was obliged to conceal even from himself all that he might surmise in regard to the identity and misfortunes of this angelic being.

## XIII.

THE following day, towards noon, Silva received a letter from the count de Morven, which read as follows :—

“ Will you, my esteemed friend, prolong your stay at Isola Doma until you receive another letter from me, written by my own hand ? There is at present raging in this place an epidemic ; the physicians fear that it has already seized upon one of my servants ; if their suspicions are confirmed I will appoint a place in which we may meet, so that Hippolyte need not return to Bayonne, where the air is so full of contagion.

“ Adieu, dear Silva ; I must close ; a severe headache will not permit me to converse longer with you ; I may perhaps decide to go to you.

“ My heart is entirely at Isola Doma. But in case I should succumb to the malady which reigns here, upon no consideration, or under no pretext, and even if I desire it myself, at least if not by hand-writing, bring my son to see me, nor even to Bayonne ; the delicate constitution of the dear child would not resist the contagion.

“ Adieu ; again, pray for me ; you will always

find me the same, always penetrated with the esteem and respect that your virtue inspires.

Your friend,

ILDEPHONSE DE MORVEN."

Silva read and reread this letter many times, and could not doubt that the count was seriously ill ; the writing was unequal and trembling ; this phrase, underlined, "*pray for me,*" seemed strange on the part of the count de Morven to a Catholic. He reflected a long time, and wrote the same day to the viscount de Barcameda, begging him to send exact news of the state of health of the count.

While awaiting a reply, he concealed from Hippolyte the cause which prevented their return and contented himself with saying that he was waiting to receive a letter, without which he would not be able to set out ; but as his father was satisfied, Hippolyte was enchanted ; he expressed even a desire to spend the remainder of his life at Isola Doma.

Three days after, the viscount de Barcameda sent an answer to Silva, saying that the fever was raging at Bayonne, having been brought there by a vessel from Africa, and was of a very malignant character ; that the count de Morven had

already fallen a victim, and for the last twelve hours had been delirious ; that he was continually calling for Hippolyte. He added that the malady was so contagious that the very servants of the count scarcely dared to care for him, and that the chevalier de Villa Flor had instantly quitted Bayonne at the first indications of the fever having attacked his brother-in-law ; the poor count, consequently, was in the greatest state of abandonment.

Silva received these details with the greatest anxiety. He believed, nevertheless, that God would never forsake the count, and he ardently hoped that the time of mercy had arrived for the father of Hippolyte. He immediately sought Don Camille.

“ I have come to confide to you a great secret,” said he. “ I intend to set out immediately for Bayonne ; I will leave Hippolyte here ; it is a question of caring for and saving the soul of his father.” He then gave him the viscount’s letter to read. The hope which had caused him to confide in Camille was realized ; the recluse offered to accompany him, and his resolution was unalterable. Silva, although he so ardently desired this, had not dared to propose it.

He announced to Hippolyte that he should be absent for some days, recommended him to the care of Oscar, and told him to consider the count de Walsingham as himself, and as representing his father. Hippolyte promised this. Silva concealed nothing from the count de Walsingham, and confided to him his pupil, and Henry, with that heroic piety which shone in all his actions, blessed him, and wished him success, and nobly offered to Almighty God the sacrifice of his dear son, if his life might be of use to any creature for whom the Heavenly Father had immolated His only Son.

Silva and Don Camille took the early post and arrived at Bayonne the same evening. They found the count de Morven in extreme danger and entirely unconscious. The arrival of Silva gave great pleasure to the physician, who knew him and said :—

“ Before doing anything else, procure for my patient a nurse, or one of those religious sisters who devote their lives to nursing the sick, so that he may have the most assiduous care, night and day.”

“ Both are chosen,” replied Silva quickly :  
“ and nothing shall equal the care and affection



by which he shall be surrounded. My friend and myself shall never quit the patient, day or night."

"But, sir," replied the physician, "are you ignorant of the fact that this fever is very contagious?"

"Would it be less so for the persons whom you desire we should engage?"

The physician made no reply. Silva ascended to the apartment of the count with Don Camille; the latter was very pale, and more deeply affected than he desired should appear. Silva drew the bed curtains; the count was not sleeping, but he did not recognize him. Don Camille regarded him for some time; then, pressing a kiss upon his burning forehead and clasping his hand convulsively, said:—

"O God! O Ildephonse, hast thou not yet forgiven me?"

Silva hastened to repair the negligence of the servants; he gave no orders, but did everything himself; he prepared the bed which had been placed there for a nurse, and, aided by Don Camille, laid the count upon it, while he made up his own bed more comfortably, then, replacing him tenderly, administered his medicines with

a gentleness and affection that could not have been surpassed by an own son. Don Camille assisted him with zeal, mingled with deep sadness.

Six days passed, during which the count was entirely unconscious ; it was the eleventh day of the illness, which might last for thirty, before the danger was passed. The assiduity and watchfulness of the two friends never relaxed ; they only alternately accorded themselves a little repose, that they might be able to persevere to the end in their generous undertaking.



## XIV.

**T**OWARDS the evening of the twelfth day, the count de Morven had less fever; he recognized Silva, and pressed his hand, saying with some disquietude :—

“ But where is my son ? ”

“ You have often demanded him, my lord; but after your first orders I would not bring him here; he is with my father, the count de Walsingham, and lord Oscar Bathurst. ”

“ Hyppolyte will never see me again ! ”

“ You are certainly in great danger, I will not conceal the knowledge from you, but there is yet hope. ”

“ Why did you leave my son ? ”

“ To care for you and serve you. ”

“ Generous young man, you shall be recompensed; I will make use of my consciousness to make my will; you shall not be forgotten. ”

Silva smiled.

“ I have need of nothing my lord, and I wish to make an acknowledgment to you. They have told you of the misfortunes of Lord Walsingham, but they suppressed the fact that they

were repaired, and that he lives in comfort ; and his son enjoys a fortune that exceeds his desires. It was necessary to touch your generous soul, by giving you the occasion of performing a benevolent act, to cause you to accept the services of friendship. Hyppolyte stood in need of instruction and diversion, and Oscar conceived this plan to procure him both.

“ But what interest could you have in rendering me this service.”

Silva threw himself upon his knees by the bedside, kissed the hand of the sick man, and remained silent. He implored the Holy Spirit to direct his words and bless his efforts ; then, raising towards the invalid on expression of the most touching sweetness, said :—

“ All my happiness, and also yours, depends upon the success of my stay with you ! Are you not, my lord, the brother of the count Camille, and the father of Rosario ? ”

A deep sigh was the only response.

“ You were raised in the Roman Catholic religion,” continued Silva, “ faithful to its duties up to the age of twenty-five or twenty-six years, until perfidious counsels of an unworthy friend, the fatal love of an independence of mind and

morals, caused you to become a perjurer to your baptismal vows, a rebel to your God, and an alien to the faith of your fathers !

“ Have you been happier since that time ? Has not remorse tortured your soul ? Have not your passions dragged you into actions which your heart and the memory of your former virtue have disavowed ? Have you found that happiness that these same passions and their false pleasures promised ? Are you at peace ? Can you descend to the tomb without fear ? The aspect of the sovereign Judge, the nearness of eternity, do they cause you no apprehension ? ”

During this interrogatory the count pressed Silva's hands with a convulsive emotion, and when he had concluded, and after a long pause, said in a broken voice :—

“ You are an angel ! my heart, stranger as it is to virtue, discovers the generous motive of your services and friendship. I know also that it has been inspired by that sublime religion that I have renounced. Camille and Rosario have proved it to me. O my God ! ” cried he, quite beside himself, “ that angel will confound me ! The voice of his long sufferings

has mounted to Thy redoubtable tribunal, and the pardon that his lips implore for his father shall be the seal of my condemnation ! ”

Silva shuddered ; Camille, concealed behind the bed curtain, kept a mournful silence.

“ It is the divine mercy, and not its justice, that surrounds you at this moment,” replied Silva. “ That God of love has sent me to you. O Ildephonse ! there is yet time ; perhaps soon there will be none ! ”

Saying these words, Silva made a sign for Don Camille to leave the room, that he might be alone with the sick man.

“ If my youth diminishes your confidence,” said he, “ if you desire a priest whose age might inspire you with greater courage, speak the word, and I will seek one ; but if you no longer regard the man, it will be God Himself who, by the means that He has ordained, will receive your acknowledgments, your regrets, and pronounce your pardon. He opens his arms ; cast yourself into them, for He offers you therein an asylum against His most formidable justice ! ”

The count buried his face, bathed in tears, upon the arms of Silva, saying in a broken voice :—

“Not alone to-day has my conscience been my tormentor !” Then, in terrible despair, he cried : “ Why am I powerless to destroy myself ? ”

“ Horrible thought, suggested by the devil himself ! Drive it from your heart, overcome your repugnance, listen to the cries of your soul ; that heavenly and immortal soul, which you are determined to lose, and which implores of you to save it ! ”

“ Are we alone ? O horror ! you will shudder to listen to me ! ”

“ I surmise all ; but the eternal mercy surpasses the greatest of crimes.”

The count confessed ; Silva was able to assist him in his avowal through the history given by Monsieur Morano, and his own visit to the ruins. Ildephonse promised to make reparation as soon as his health should permit him ; but Silva pressed him to put it in writing, to the end that his designs should be carried into execution in case of his death ; but agitation, fatigue, and exhaustion prevented him. He was unconscious for three hours, and when consciousness returned he was in a high fever and delirious.

Silva and Don Camille redoubled their atten-

tions. That same evening the former received a letter from Oscar; within it was enclosed another, sealed and addressed to the prince Ildephonse de Masserano.

Oscar wrote thus :—

“MY DEAR SILVA:—Hippolyte is very well; he contents himself for your absence by the thought that his visit will, in consequence, be prolonged. Lord Bathurst has formed quite an attachment for him; he thinks him somewhat excitable, like myself; but I hope that he will correct this; his piety continually becomes more enlightened, better instructed, and refined; and as we are under no restrictions from his father, we follow in this regard the light of our own conscience. He is very much edified with the solitude that reigns in Edward’s household. Your sister is, in fact, the model of young women; devoted to her duties and her religion, she neither sees nor receives visitors; her gayety is not at all lessened; and her health, preserved by a prescribed regime, is very good, considering her state. When they uphold to her the example of young women, who, in her position, ride horse-back or drive, frequent society, soirees, and assemblies, she only smiles, and, unwilling to blame them, exoner-



ates herself by citing the ancient customs, which she observes as much through propriety as through good sense. We felt somewhat disinclined to allow Hippolyte in the midst of our little family; but he has carried himself so respectfully towards her that we have had no cause to repent of having done so.

“I have some news from the forest to give you. Last evening, at about half past nine o’clock, I met our mysterious friend. I informed him of your absence, and he did not wish me to seek Monsieur Billingham, therefore we walked together for about two hours by moonlight.

“I related to him the history of the count de Masserano, of Rosario, and even of Lorenzo. He listened to me in silence: when I had finished he spoke of the count de Morven, and evinced much emotion.

“‘I am quite sure,’ said he, ‘that he is acquainted with the prince of Masserano; will you do me the kindness to send him, through your friend, a letter, so that it may reach the prince?’ I acquiesced. He took a leaf from the book concealed beneath the stone, and taking from his bosom a sharply pointed nail, pricked a vein of his left arm and wrote with his own blood.

After he had finished, he fastened the paper, wrote the address with the pencil, and begged me to send it.

“ We went together to the church, where he remained in prayer for nearly an hour ; then, when upon the point of bidding me adieu, he said :—

“ ‘ You would render me a great service if you would procure for me an “ Imitation of Jesus Christ.” ’ I had the book in my pocket, and gave it to him at once. He pressed it to his lips with transport.

“ ‘ You have made me very happy, dear Oscar,’ said he, pressing my hand ; ‘ the heart is able to furnish us with prayers and inspirations ; but in moments of darkness, when God conceals Himself, some reading raises us again, strengthens us, and makes up for the languor of spirits and the discouragement produced by unhappiness ! ’

“ ‘ May I not accompany you home,’ I said, ‘ as you are entirely alone ? ’

“ ‘ To my home ? ’ replied he slowly ; ‘ to Castle Morna ? Well,’ continued he with greater energy, ‘ if you desire to visit the humble retreat, the sad prison of your friend, you must promise to make no attempt to take him from there.’

“ I promised, but to assure himself he blind

folded my eyes with my handkerchief and led me for some distance, after which he informed me that we should descend some stairs ; I counted about fifteen steps ; he soon after paused and took off the handkerchief. I now found myself in a very large room, almost entirely constructed of marble ; it was vaulted and paved in white and black mosaics ; upon the right there was a sort of recess or deep niche, within which was a plank, raised by two stones to the height of a foot from the floor ; a small console of white marble, sculptured in the antique, was at each end of the room ; near one of these was a door, very strong and hermetically closed, and upon this console was a basket, in which was a loaf of bread of medium size, cut into many portions and partly covered with a handkerchief. Another small door opposite opened into a square cabinet. In the center was a bath of white marble, oval in form, and into which by means of a tap water could be carried from its source, which formed a pretty fountain in the corner and fell into a gutter about two feet deep cut in the marble floor encircling almost the entire cabinet, at one end terminating in a small pond, from which the water disappeared among the pebbles.

“I could see no egress through which the unknown could have left his solitude and through which he could have introduced me. The air was cold; both the larger and smaller rooms were lighted by antique windows, more than ten feet from the floor. Contemplating this gloomy dwelling with saddened heart, I asked my unfortunate friend for his bed; he pointed, with a smile, to the plank within the recess, upon which was folded a piece of tapestry much worn; over this was thrown, negligently, a carriage robe of silk lined with ermine.

“‘What!’ said I, ‘you have no other bed, even in winter?’

“‘I never take off my clothing except to change my linen,’ he replied; ‘and as this hall is compactly built, and underground, it is not very cold; it never freezes here in winter and is very cool in the summer.’

“‘And you are a prisoner,’ I exclaimed, ‘a voluntary prisoner?’

“‘I respect the sacred power which has condemned me to this solitude for many years past; I have never attempted to escape; it is only a few months since I have discovered the means of quitting at times my lonely dwelling; I only

make use of it, however, to enjoy the consolations of religion and friendship. Otherwise my flight would expose him who has custody of me, and who, without doubt, would be obliged to answer for it. He comes here only every eight days: and he even defers, rather than anticipates his visit. He brings me this bread, leaves it where you see it, and withdraws.'

"Does he never speak to you?"

"Only to recall the will of his master and to press me upon a point that I will never grant him. When he finds me fainting, he carries me to the fountain, and as soon as I have returned to myself he throws me upon the bed, goes out, and closes the door and bolts it so noisily, that the sound reverberates within my heart and deadens my courage!"

"And when he delays his visit you have no nourishment?"

"No, then my poor heart deceives itself with the hope that its evils will soon end; but the miserable life of the unfortunate Rosario is yet precious to either pity, vengeance, or hatred, I dare not question which; at all events, one of these motives preserves it."

"Rosario!" I cried beside myself, 'earthly an-

gel ! my heart has already divined thy name.' A slight flush tinged the shining whiteness of his face.

" ' Ah ! abuse not the secret which has escaped me.' I promised him this and remained some time longer in his solitary dwelling. The weeks and months were marked upon the mosaics by lines and ciphers which he had traced with the same nail that he had used for writing. Everywhere, upon the walls, were sentences or aspirations cut in the same manner. I cannot understand how he has lived thus ever since his childhood, alone, without ever breathing the fresh air, and without exercise.

" ' I have always,' said he, ' been subject to violent headaches, often even accompanied by fever ; but then the desire of being delivered from this life is so strong, and the fear of succumbing and periling my salvation by accelerating my death through the least imprudence becomes at the same time so lively, that I have never neglected anything to preserve my strength and a health which might prolong my sacrifices and ensure my eternal hopes. Cold baths and a rapid walk for some hours each day within the boundaries of my prison have much improved my health.'

“ ‘ But if the source of this spring should dry up, you would die of thirst ? ’

He smiled :—

“ ‘ God is here. He shows forth less power in preserving man in the midst of all the commodities of life. Our days to Him are like our souls. But I will not keep you longer,’ added he, ‘ for the day begins to break.’ He then replaced the bandage upon my eyes, embraced, and conducted me into the forest. Then conjuring me to place under the stone any information I might receive of the count de Morven, he left me and disappeared amidst the ruins of Castle Mórna.

“ I cannot express my sentiments to you ; you know the enthusiastic Oscar. Would that I had a thousand lives to offer to save Rosario, or to live and die with him ! Angel of virtue ! Love and pardon, behold the epitome of his life !

“ Adieu Silva, dear Silva ; when you return you will be able to share with me his wearisome solitude, and mingle with his tears the pure consolations of religion and friendship. These two sentiments have gained forever for you a true friend.

OSCAR ”

## XV.

**S**ILVA was deeply touched upon reading this letter; he handed it to Don Camille, unable to say a word; the latter read it with great emotion. Indignation at first seemed to animate his countenance, but soon gave place to profound sadness.

The count de Morven was in the most critical state; he passed five days in continual danger. The sixth day, when his senses returned, he was half lying upon the knees of Camille; for they had not been able, except with difficulty, to retain him upon the bed, and from his violent exertions to escape he had sunk into a state of exhaustion. Suddenly he awoke, and finding himself in this position, regarded Camille attentively; he then threw his arms around him, saying:—

“And thou hast been caring for me, my dear brother?”

Silva was not taken by surprise, for a long time he had suspected the identity of Camille.

Don Camille pressed Ildephonse to his heart.

“Where hast thou been for so long a time?”  
continued the sick man.



"I will leave thee no more," replied Camille ;  
"to live and to die with thee is my sole desire !"

"Camille ! O my God ! you restore to me  
my brother !"

He regarded him again, but with disquietude.

"Dost thou, then, yet love Ildephonse ? Ah !  
let me die of remorse !"

Camille was unable to reply, his face was  
bathed in tears.

"Where am I ?" inquired the count with some  
anxiety ; "Camille—Silva, how comes it that you  
are here together ?"

"There are only wanting Hippolyte and  
Rosario."

"Rosario !" repeated the count ; "there is yet  
time ; let me go and save him !"

"First get well," said Camille ; "then we will  
go and deliver your son."

The entrance of the doctor put an end to their  
conversation : he found his patient much better  
and declared that, if he passed the night and  
following day in the same state, he would have  
great hopes of his recovery. The count allowed  
himself to be replaced in his bed, but still retained  
the hand of his brother and would not allow him  
to leave the bedside.

“Hast thou, then, forgotten or pardoned the fault of Ildephonse ?” said he tenderly to Camille ; “canst thou believe that he has never known happiness without thee ?”

“It was not solely Camille that was wanting to you,” said Silva sweetly ; “but with him religion, peace, and a good conscience.”

“That is true, I lost those with Camille ; and they will be restored to me along with him.”

“We will let him rest,” said his brother ; “he is very much fatigued.” He laid his hand upon the forehead of Ildephonse, saying :—

“Sleep now. I will remain here ; I will not leave thee.”

The count pressed his hand, and soon after fell into a deep slumber. He did not awake until very late the following morning and had but little fever ; he asked for the chevalier de Villa Flor.

“He has gone to Languedoc,” said Silva ; “he was fearful that he might be attacked by the same malady which surprised you ; such are the friends that interest or fortune attaches to us ; they are devoted to us in prosperity, but are we unhappy enough to become useless to them, they abandon us. The chevalier de Villa Flor thinks

only of self; he did not even trouble himself to provide for you the care that your condition required; it was the viscount de Barcameda who sent for the physician and advised me of your danger. Don Camille, after a conversation with Oscar, shared the suspicions that the latter had formed from the first in regard to your true name; he desired to accompany me and devote himself along with me to your service. Hippolyte is not yet aware of your illness."

"And does he not complain at being kept so long separated from me?"

"Hippolyte has no religion; he loves his father only naturally, and as long as he feels himself loved. It is necessary to have a supernatural sentiment, a tenderness animated by faith and the perfection of Christianity, to love him who from time to time sacrifices us to the transports of an unjust anger, and who does not conceal it from us. There is an angel, who, in his father, loves his most ardent persecutor; who blesses the hand that injures him, and who would die of joy, if in the midst of his sufferings he could for one moment see him who for more than fifteen years has shut him out from the world; but Hippolyte does not know how to love thus."

“ Oh no ! ” said the count, with a deep groan, “ it could only be Rosario, the pupil of Camille ! ” He leaned upon his brother’s breast, saying : “ Thou wilt never know what it is to be a father and to be obliged to reproach thyself in regard to a child who loves thee. The affection of Rosario confounds and humiliates me ; I shall never be able to bear his presence. ”

“ Here is a letter from him, ” said Silva, at the same time giving him the one enclosed in Oscar’s letter to him. The count changed color, broke the seal, and begged Camille to read it for him. It ran thus :—

“ From the depths of the ruins of Castle Mor-na Rosario raises his voice ; will it reach the ears of his father ? A child culpable and repentant has believed until to-day that the paternal power, which he has revered and loved, was exerted over him. This sad conviction has interdicted all complaint or murmur ; he has blessed the fate inflicted by a father whom he believed yet to be in this country, even within these very walls ; his heart nourished this illusive hope, and flattered itself every moment that his father would listen to the prayer that for more than fifteen years his son has addressed to him,

and that he would put an end to all these sufferings by his presence, after which Rosario would die happy. This illusion has vanished; his father is no longer in Spain; perhaps for many years he believed that Rosario had ceased to suffer. Ah! the heart which was crushed by this information has nevertheless blessed Heaven and embraced with transports this consoling conviction: that all the refinements of persecution which it has suffered were not the effect of his power; that it was not his mouth which pronounced this sentence of suffering upon Rosario! that it is not a father who delivers his son to the anguish of death, and preserves his sad life only to continue these trials, the persevering cruelty of which, nevertheless, can shake, or even alter, neither his faith nor his love for his father! O my father! the heart of Rosario pardons thee; he pardons also him who abuses thy name and thy power! but he believes it his duty to inform thee of it.

“If this letter, traced with his blood, shall one day reach thee, thou wilt pity Rosario, and thou wilt know that he has lived and died worthy of thee, worthy of his religion; that he has known how to suffer without murmuring, pardon

sincerely, and die in peace, abandoned by all.

In life and in death thy submissive child,

THEODORE ROSARIO,

DE MASSERANO DEL MORVEN."

Don Camille controlled himself sufficiently to finish this letter without interruption. The count was crushed by the weight of his remorse, and Silva, who, although young in experience himself, knew well through that of others all that it would cost this broken spirit to repair all these grievous wrongs, and to be obliged to have continually before him those towards whom he knew himself so culpable, pressed the hand of Ildephonse, saying :

" In human reconciliations the forgiveness of injuries is easier than that of our own wrongs, and they are rarely perfect on the part of the guilty ones ; but in religion, all is perfect ; divine love consumes the offences, lessens their weight, and destroys even their memory ; it prevents the fear of falling again, becomes the guarantee of true repentance, the seal of confidence, and the assurance of return to virtue. The prince of Masserano, a Calvinist, or rather without religion, could show affection, to his son and surround him with affection one day, and the next treat him with renewed hatred and ven-

geance; but the Catholic Ildephonse, sincerely converted to the faith of his fathers, will no longer bear anger, punish, or persecute. He will love his God, and for His sake, and with the same sincerity, love his son and his brother; he will love them without caprice, without change, because the great and eternal motive of his love is unalterable. It has been the supernatural and delightful sentiment of a true religion that has sustained Rosario in the midst of all his trials; it is that which will banish distrust and fear, and also memories which would crush the hearts that desire to become reconciled; it is, finally, that ineffable sentiment, which will re-establish the security and consolidate the happiness of the prince of Masserano, reunited to all those whom he loves."

Ildephonse embraced Silva.

"Heaven is in thy soul!" he said with transport, "and peace in thy words. O Silva, never leave me more, until thou shalt have rendered me worthy of those whom I should love so much and towards whom I shall repair so many and great wrongs. Angel of Peace! reconcile me to thy religion, which is also mine, and which I will acknowledge even to the last breath of my life."

A heavenly peace now filled the soul of the

count and exerted a happy influence over his health ; the physicians found him astonishingly well and gave every hope for his entire restoration. The same evening, he confessed again to Silva, with great sentiments of penitence and fervor. As to the liberation of Rosario, he acknowledged to his friends that he did not dare to entrust it to Oberonzo, who was his custodian, nor even signify his wishes by writing, and that, to make certain the preservation of the angel, he should go himself and deliver him; but at the same time he begged Silva, who had related all to him, and who had read for him the letter of Oscar, to write to the latter, and to authorize him to take possession of Rosario, if he should meet him in the forest, and to conduct him to Isola Doma for him. He also added to Silva's letter a note, to be given to Rosario, which only contained these few lines :—

“ROSARIO :— Thy father has received thy letter and is dying with impatience to fold thee in his arms. Permit friendship to save thee and restore thee to the love of the most repentant and tender of fathers.

ILDEPHONSE DE MASSERANO,  
ROMAN CATHOLIC.”



This signature was calculated to assure Rosario of the sincerity of his father, but Oscar, since his last mentioned interview with that angel, had not again the happiness of seeing him, and for eight days after his letter to Silva he had not received any indications of his existence. The stone had not been visited; and nothing could allay the inquietude of Oscar; Silva and Don Camille shared in his anxiety with shuddering, and dared not communicate it to the count, in the fear of retarding his recovery. Silva ventured to inquire if Oberonzo would dare to attempt Rosario's life unknown to him.

"No," said the count with a deep sigh. "Oberonzo has always been acquainted with the places of my residence and the different names that I have assumed in my travels. He has never done anything without consulting me or without my consent."

Camille, seeing the change that this painful memory had produced upon the countenance of his brother, sought to change the conversation, but Ildephonse, addressing Silva, continued with a deeply affected tone of voice: "I should make you acquainted with the details of those terrible occurrences which have taken place

during the past fifteen years, and reveal to you the sad secrets that my heart yet contains. Your tenderness assures me of your pardon ; I will conceal nothing from you, and I feel that in making you better acquainted with my sins I shall relieve myself of a grievous burden."

Camille begged his brother to postpone his recital until he had regained his strength.

"I shall find strength in doing so," replied Ildephonse ; "do not refuse me the grace of listening to me ; the more culpable the angelic Silva shall find me, the more will he solicit for me the heavenly mercy."



## XVI.

**T**HE prince Ildephonse de Masserano expressed himself in these words:—

“ You already know a portion of my history and the fatal quarrel that I had with my brother Camille upon the subject of the chevalier de Vaverly; after that scene I withdrew together with the latter.

“ ‘ You will never be able to do anything with your brother,’ said he, ‘ as long as he will not adopt your religion; but it will not be difficult to make him do so; a little fear and some menaces and determination on your part, and he will submit.’ He then proposed to me the horrible plan which I accepted. My principal aim in doing so was to vanquish the obstinacy of Camille in regard to his faith, or else to profit by this circumstance by taking Rosario from his guardianship and raise him according to my own fancy, far away from his eyes. Camille fell into a state of lethargy, produced by the wine which I had previously prepared for him. After the funeral I went alone to the Hall of the Tombs, and taking him from the coffin placed him upon the floor,

after which he soon returned to consciousness. His first exertion was to call me, and seeing me already near him he threw himself at my feet. He knew all that had passed, for, during that lethargic state he had heard all that had been said, without being able to give the least sign of life. I thought he intended to ask my pardon.

“ ‘Your life,’ said I, ‘depends upon your religion; embrace mine, or this place will witness your death.’

“ For some time Camille could not believe this barbarity was meant in earnest. Then, rising full of indignation, he said :—

“ ‘Kill me here ! thou believest thyself unwitnessed, but a just Judge beholds us ! I ask thy pardon.’

“ ‘Reflect,’ said I ; ‘ I will return tomorrow.’

“ In effect, the following morning I did return. Although pale and dejected, he was not the less resolute ; he spoke to me in the strongest terms of the chevalier and repeated the most touching excuses ; but his indignation against my perfidious friend, as he called him, annulled any impression they might otherwise have made upon me. I went out quickly, closed the door, locked it after me, and returned to my cabinet. I only intended to

frighten Camille. Heaven is my witness of how dear he was to me ! I remained there some time, the trap in the floor standing open, so that, in case he should recall me, I could hear him. Emotion and the strife between anger and love for my brother wrung my heart ; I felt ready to faint, and left the cabinet that I might breathe more freely ; but being unable to bear up longer, I fell fainting at the foot of the stairs which opened upon the park, and was found in that condition.

“ When consciousness returned I remembered that the door remained open and sent Rosario to close it. The thought of leaving Camille to die, the fear of my secret being discovered, along with the impossibility of going there myself, caused me inexpressible torture. The death of the one whom I loved best in the world seemed to me to be a consummated certainty, as frightful as it was certain. Although scarcely able, I at last flew to the crypt and entered, trembling with fear and yet hope ; but Camille was no longer there. The most violent anger now replaced every other sentiment. I went to the cabinet of Rosario ; he was dining alone.

“ ‘ You have violated my command,’ cried I, rudely seizing him by the arm.

“ ‘ Yes, my father, and in my place you would have done the same.’ ”

“ ‘ Tremble for thyself ! thou knowest of what I am capable.’ ”

“ ‘ I am prepared for all ! ’ ”

“ ‘ Are you prepared to obey me ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, as ever, without any limit, save that of my conscience.’ ”

“ ‘ I forbid you, then, to give the least sign of your existence here, even though I should allow you to perish.’ ”

“ ‘ You shall be obeyed. But,’ added he, falling at my feet, ‘ give your last blessing to your child, if he is never more to see you ! ’ ”

“ Without making any reply, I went out, locked the door; and taking the key, sought Oberonzo, who then went by the name of Herbert ; he was my porter and was in the secret of Camille’s affair, knowing all about my conduct towards him ; he had been chosen for my service by the chevalier de Vaverly. I ordered him to have a post-chaise ready, and I set out that same evening, saying that I intended to take my son away from Spain.

“ From that time Rosario was seen no more. I left him for twelve hours without anything,

finally going to him, I found him in prayer. At my entrance he threw himself at my feet, bathed in tears, but I would not raise him up. 'You have been reared in false principles,' I said to him; 'you must renounce them and embrace the religion of your father, or there awaits you a long and cruel persecution. Relate to me first all that passed between you and my brother Camille.'

"Rosario arose very calmly and seated himself upon the sofa on which I had thrown myself upon my entrance. 'You are not worthy of placing yourself near me sir,' said I sternly, 'get up!'

"He obeyed; but his knees refused to support him; and he fell fainting at my feet. I obliged him to swallow a little wine and some biscuit. Inanition being the sole cause of his weakness, he soon opened his eyes and threw his arms around me. At that moment my heart was a prey to the most violent combats; paternal love revived in my breast and caused me to desire to put an end to such an odious persecution; but a sort of blind, diabolical fury caused my evil nature to trample upon these sacred sentiments of affection, and armed me with sufficient cruelty

to resist the charming and touching graces of that lovely child.

“ I made him seat himself upon the sofa and commanded him to give a candid account of his conduct.

“ ‘ You sent me,’ said he, ‘ to close the door of your cabinet. I bent down to close the trap-door in the floor, and as I did so I heard your name called ; the voice of my uncle Camille caused a thrill of joy to pass over me.’

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ My uncle ! ’ I cried, ‘ are you, then, here ? ’ ”

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ Yes, Rosario ; come and save me. I am in the Hall of the Tombs.’ Your command came to my mind ; but convinced that you would not have commanded thus, if you had foreseen this circumstance, I flew down the stairs ; the key was in the door ; I opened it and was clasped in the arms of my uncle ; we ascended together.’

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ I will run and tell my father that you yet live ! ’ I cried. ‘ He is ill ; but this news will cure him.’ ”

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ O Rosario ! ’ replied he, ‘ do not betray me, or I shall be lost ; it is thy father who has imprisoned me here, and condemned me to die of starvation.’ ”



“ ‘The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and I fell down upon the floor at the feet of my uncle.’

“ ‘ “Oh, live !” I cried ; “ save thyself ; but do not punish Rosario ; revenge not thyself upon his father ; vengeance is not in our hands ; it belongs to God alone ! Implore Him, instead, to have mercy upon my father ! ” ’

“ ‘ Camille raised me and weepingly embraced me, saying :—“ Thou wilt be the victim, but there is a God who watches over the innocent and never abandons them.” ’

“ ‘ “Where will you go my uncle ?” I asked with some inquietude.’

“ ‘ “I shall retire from the world ; how could I live in it without Ildephonse ? Already consecrated to God, I will go and serve him in some unknown retreat for the remainder of my days ; —but,” continued he, “ wilt thou come with me, Rosario ? Thy mother has confided thee to my care ; we will leave this, country and . . . ” ’

“ ‘ “I interrupted him, and, covering his hand with tears and kisses, said : “ Do not ask me to leave my father ; who will care for him if his son abandons him to go with you ? ” ’

“ ‘ “Remain here, then, Rosario, and may

heaven protect thee ! ” ’

“ “ And shall we never see each other again ? ” I asked.’

“ “ Yes, in eternity ! . . . Adieu ! my dearly loved Rosario, adieu ! ” ’

“ “ Camille then opened your secretary, and took from it a bag of gold ; for, believed dead, he had nothing in the world ; he again embraced me and went out by the door which opens into the park. You know the rest,’ added Rosario.

“ “ I will pardon you all,’ replied I, ‘ if you will renounce the Catholic religion. You are young, you have not yet received all its sacraments, renounce it.’

“ “ Never ! ’ quickly replied Rosario ; ‘ you may keep me here, or in any other place ; but if I have even one moment of liberty, it will be used to fulfil the obligations that my faith imposes upon me ; a father cannot oblige a child upon this article : the law would prevent his doing so.’

“ “ Villain,’ cried I, beside myself with rage, ‘ thou threatenest thy father with laws of the inquisition ? ’

“ “ No, never ! ’ cried he, falling at my knees, ‘ never has your child harbored such a thought.’

“ ‘I am no longer the dupe of thy false sweetness,’ replied I; ‘I now know the malignity of thy soul.’ I pushed him from me roughly, and drawing my sword, thought to frighten him; and I did so; for, joining his little hands together, he said :—

“ ‘My God! have pity upon my father;’ and then kissed a little gold crucifix he wore around his neck. I seized it violently from him, tearing the ribbon in so doing, and threw it far away from me. ‘It is engraved within my heart,’ said Rosario with a gentle smile. I kept silence for some time, then, taking his hand, said :—

“ ‘Will you swear to me that you will never, without my knowledge, approach the sacrament of penance, nor that of the Eucharist, which has as yet never been given to you?’ He crossed his hands upon his breast in ecstasy, saying :—

“ ‘I will promise nothing; I fear nothing; you may do what you will with Rosario; he has been made happy for his whole life, and you cannot prevent that which has already taken place.’

“ ‘Have you received Communion, then?’ said I with fury; ‘speak!’

“ ‘Yes, my father, and I can die when you will; for I know well that you intend for me the same

fate as for my uncle Camille, and I will submit to it, with the same courage, an equal constancy, and even more love !' I discerned in these words a reproach that even his tenderness could not soften in my eyes. I drew my sword in fury, not intending to wound him ; but, in raising his hands towards me, he encountered the point, which wounded his left wrist ; his blood covered his clothes ; and the fright caused him to swoon. It was the middle of the night ; I took him in my arms, carried him into an unused room in the eastern tower of the castle, placed him upon the floor, bandaging his wound with my handkerchief, and went away, locking the door after me. The next morning I placed him in charge of Oberonzo, who had already returned, and charged him always to insist upon the point of religion to my son as the condition upon which he should be restored to liberty and my love, or remain in captivity. I established myself at Castle Abbey Ha, where I passed some months. The following summer I went to France with the chevalier de Vaverly ; Castle Morna was struck by lightning, and a great part of the building was destroyed by fire. Oberonzo sought his prisoner and placed him where he is now ; it is a subter-

ranean hall, called the Marble Hall, because the bathing rooms therein are constructed entirely of marble. Although it never freezes there," continued the count, suppressing a sigh, "the cold in winter is very intense."

Ildephonse seemed deeply moved; the tears flowed from his eyes, and his voice changed perceptibly. Silva begged him to discontinue his recital and take a little rest.



## XVII.

**A**FTER a silence of half an hour the prince of Masserano continued in these words :—  
“ Having learned from Oberonzo all that had transpired, I sold Castle Abbey Ha and the pavilion of Isola Doma to Lady Caroline Walsingham, who had inherited from her brother Hidalla of Salisbury adjoining land and a country seat which I had transferred to the Medinas some years previous. Oberonzo, who at this time assumed this name, established himself in the village. He was a widower with one son, who acted as messenger when he had any matter of importance to communicate to me. Satisfied as to the existence of Rosario, and always cherishing the hope of vanquishing his obstinacy, I returned to Provence, where Vaverly made me acquainted with his sister Emma, a young lady of great intelligence and virtue. She knew but little of her brother, having been raised by an aunt, who had left her a fortune consisting of life interests in rentals. I became deeply attached to Emma. She informed me that she had been formerly a Catholic, but that she had embraced the prin-

ciples of Calvin. I thought seriously of uniting our destinies. At this time I was thirty-two years of age, and she had nearly attained her sixteenth year; the difference in our respective ages did not frighten her, and I was fully satisfied that my fortune did not influence her in giving her consent. But what greatly surprised me was that she would be married in the Catholic Church, and according to the rites and ceremonies prescribed by that religion. I never knew until the time of her death the reason for this deception, for at the time she declared to me that this formula would constitute our children as heirs to a very rich uncle of hers in Languedoc. I passed over this article very easily, for by my contract of marriage with Rosa de Belmour I had settled my entire fortune upon her children, excluding any that I might have by a second marriage.

“We were married, and I had the opportunity of appreciating each day more and more the solid virtue of her whom I had chosen. She was very pious, prayed always in kneeling position, and although she called herself a Calvinist, I never saw her omit any duty of the Catholic religion.

“We were scarcely married two months, when

she said to me one evening that she bitterly repented of having left her faith, and made me so touching and earnest an exhortation as to the danger we were both in, that, although not agreeing with her, I was nevertheless deeply touched; however, I opposed her strongly in this, and said to her that, notwithstanding all my love, I should have renounced all hope of a union with her if I had foreseen that she would ever return to Catholicism. She wept much and every day renewed the most pressing attempts to convert me. She had also terrible scenes with her brother, upon whom I discharged all my resentment; for I loved Emma dearly, and the hope that she would make me a father caused me to treat her with great gentleness, particularly as she was very delicate and suffering. She soon fell into a rapid decline; her brother had so little compassion or regard for her situation that he one day caused in my presence a terrible scene, and a few hours afterwards she gave birth to Hippolyte, who was but a seven months' child. She knew her danger and that death was inevitable, and I was divided between joy and despair.

“‘Ildephonse,’ she said to me, ‘God is my witness that my intentions were pure, but I was



not the less culpable. I loved you, and your soul even more. I was and I have never ceased to be a Catholic; the desire of winning you back to your former religion and the perfidious counsel of my brother led me to feign apostasy. God does not bless dissimulation nor untruth. He has punished me, and I trust that His just anger will be disarmed here below, and that He will pardon my ignorance and accept my sincere repentance. Raise my child in my religion, this is the last prayer of your poor Emma, who dies loving you.'

"I promised her what she asked, although I was determined not to do so; she received the Last Sacraments, which I dared not refuse her, and died an hour after.

"I now found myself alone in the world; my eight months of married life seemed to me like a summer morning, and now all was over. I turned my eyes, full of tears, upon my child and gained new hope. The priest who had ministered to my wife had baptized the infant, whose extreme weakness had caused Emma to fear he would not live until the next day. I gave my child the loved name of Camille, adding to it that of Hippolyte, as I could not resolve to call him habitual-

ly by the first name. I raised him myself, for, although he was very delicate, I did not wish that any other should share in the affections of my child. I kept him by me night and day, scarcely closing my eyes for fear of injuring him or not hearing his cries; he moaned continually, for he had not sufficient strength to cry; a thousand times a day I would bend over him to listen to his feeble respiration and assure myself that he yet lived. I had no longer anything to live for in the world; all my future happiness rested upon this little being, who had scarcely a breath of life. However, success crowned my care and perseverance; I was the idol of Hippolyte, and I lived solely for him. He had all the maladies usual to infancy, during which I nursed him myself, allowing no interference of nurse or domestic. I was everything to him. I taught him to read, to write, and finally to mount and manage a horse, which greatly fortified his strength. I took him to Nice on account of its favorable climate and remained there ten years, during which time my brother-in-law often visited us. I had settled upon him the lands of Villa Flor, of which he also assumed the title. He spared nothing to draw from me the secret of Rosario's retreat; but I

was inexorable, for he had an interest in the death of that child, whose existence deprived Hippolyte of almost all my fortune; but I suspected his motives and would never gratify his curiosity upon this subject.

“Hippolyte was naturally sensitive and violent, but I never yielded to him in such things as would be injurious to his health, and as his nourishment was regulated, I confined myself to his regime to render it less distasteful to him, but nothing could ever induce me to allow him to depart from it, as his health and even life depended upon it. Often in his fits of passion he would grow blue in the face, and at such times I would allow his fury to pass without embittering him by reproaches or unreasonable explanations; but when, fatigued by his useless endeavors, he would become calm, I would caress him and cause him to understand that my conduct was dictated by love; he would then express to me his regrets and ask my pardon, which he always found awaiting him, and would love me yet more.

“When he was twelve years of age we made short journeys together into all the interesting portions of Switzerland and Italy. Nothing interested me except inasmuch as it related to my

son. I taught him the art of fencing and also to speak French, Spanish, and English fluently. As for the rest, he did not love study, and my brother-in-law pretended to teach him that which he did not know himself; but as the health of Hippolyte was dearer to me than his education, which could be acquired later, and when he should feel its necessity, I never constrained him upon this point.

“He had at one time a passion for arms, and begged me to allow him to engage. I did not hesitate to assure him that there were but two things which could cause me to forget that I was his father, namely, if he should either engage in a military career or fight a duel. He renounced this desire and never spoke to me upon the subject again. He detested his uncle Villa Flor, and I confess that I was not sorry, because it caused him to love me more and more exclusively.

“We made a stay of eight months in London, from which I had just returned when, crossing France from Calais, we stopped at Bayonne.

“Hippolyte, now at the age of fifteen years, is able to shine in society; he has acquired, by travelling, much superficial knowledge; he dances, sings well, and joins to the vivacity of his age a

certain amount of knowledge of the usages of society and customs of the world. I had no acquaintance with any one at Bayonne, but through the relationship to my brother-in-law I met the viscount de Barcameda. You know all that passed at the ball, when I left my son to pay a visit to a relative of the chevalier de Villa Flor. Upon leaving the marquis de Rosline I went straight to the rendezvous which had been appointed by Hippolyte, trembling with anger and indignation, and found my son already there.

“ ‘Is it you, my lord?’ he said as soon as he perceived me.

“ ‘Yes, it is I, unhappy young man! where is thy love and respect for my commands?’ and saying this I seized him roughly.

“ ‘Leave me alone, father,’ he cried; ‘I must fight or die.’

“ ‘Obey me, for the first time in thy life, or resist me for the last.’

“ He struggled to free himself; I took his sword from him and flung it to a distance, then, throwing him gently upon the ground, I remained upon my knees, bending over him to prevent his efforts to arise.

“ ‘Swear to me that thou wilt not fight.’

“ ‘On the contrary, I swear——’

“ ‘I placed my hand upon his mouth.

“ ‘Stop, cruel child, thou dost not yet know thy father; thou dost not yet know him from whom until now thou hast experienced but the blindest devotion. My name, Hippolyte, is as yet even a mystery to thee. Thou art not the only one whom I have loved. I had a brother! One single fault, very involuntary upon his part, has given him in his brother an unreconcilable enemy. I pronounced his doom. Up to this day God has preserved me a son much older than thou, whom I have banished forever from my presence. He has never offended me; he has refused me but one thing, and his obstinacy in this has rendered him the object of all the vengeance of my wounded love; he lives but to experience it unceasingly. Wilt thou, then, also, unhappy child, constrain me to make thee the object of my anger? I will imprison thee also; but though it will not be as with thy brother, to deliver me from thy sight, but to preserve thee and to deliver thee from thine own fury, shalt thou be less unhappy?’

“ Hippolyte regarded me with a submissive look, saying :

“‘Leave me my liberty, and I will consecrate it entirely to you. Your will shall be my law ; I will never more give you a moment’s pain.’

“I raised him from the ground and pressed him to my heart with a convulsive movement of joy ; he was trembling, and his pallor caused me to fear that he would faint ; I carried, rather than led him to my carriage, which was waiting near by. We preserved a mournful silence during the drive, and upon our return home, as it was very late, we threw ourselves, dressed as we were, upon our beds, which were in the same chamber. I was too agitated to gain a moment’s repose and regretted much that I had yielded sufficiently to my anger to make that avowal, which Hippolyte should never have heard.

“Hippolyte sighed and wept during the remainder of the night ; I went to his bed, and he kissed the hand that I gave him.

“‘Calm yourself,’ said I, ‘and we will go to-morrow morning to pay a farewell visit to the marquis of Rosline ; I desire that he should know your regrets.’

“‘I will do all that you desire me,’ said Hippolyte sadly. I recalled to him all the faults with which he should reproach himself and

the sad scenes to which he had given occasion.

“ ‘ I will cause no more such disturbances, ’ said he ; ‘ I have promised you an unlimited obedience ; it shall be, but love your child again, and allow him to live to love you ! ’

“ These latter words wrung my heart ; I had sounded the depth of his bitterness and, unable to reply, I returned to my couch.

“ In the morning we breakfasted together. Hippolyte partook of nothing, alleging a severe headache, and soon after we started ; you remember how he was taken ill at the house of the viscount de Barcameda, as also all that has transpired since that time.

“ I have always received news of Rosario, and as he has constantly importuned me to visit him I was almost upon the verge of doing so with the intention of trying to conquer him, but the dread of separating from Hippolyte or of exposing him, by taking him into a country where the difference in religions might be attended with such serious consequences, was so great that I have deferred it from day to day. Your arrival, dear Silva, awakened in my heart the love and esteem of my early principles. I recognized my errors and regretted my religion, my brother, and



the right to be loved by Rosario. It was in consequence of this sentiment that I determined to allow Hippolyte to accompany you to your home, intending to go for him myself and see again my oldest child ; but God has chosen other means to accomplish this object, and He has also restored peace to my soul, with it Camille, and to my repentance He will not refuse Rosario."

"No, without a doubt!" cried Camille; "it is a grace which Almighty God, who desires to lavish upon you the most signal favors, has yet in store for you." The prince, silent through grief and remorse, pressed to his lips the hand of his brother.



## XVIII.

**I**LDEPHONSE recovered rapidly, and as soon as he was able to bear the fatigue of the journey, could not be persuaded to defer longer his departure for Castle Morna; and his friends, who had daily become more and more anxious in regard to Rosario, desired it as ardently as he himself. They all set out at daybreak, and arrived at the village of Castle Abbey Ha about six o'clock in the evening. Ildephonse would not pause long enough to enter the chateau, but hastened with his two friends to the ruins of Castle Morna. The light of a glorious moon guided their steps, and the count de Morven, who possessed a key which opened all the bath rooms, advanced, holding a dark-lantern, through a corridor and was lost to sight. Many doors opened to the right and left, but the door of Rosario's prison was tightly closed and was at the extreme end. Ildephonse covered his face, as was the custom of Oberonzo, and opened the door, leaving Silva and Camille in the corridor. He descended alone two steps of black marble; the moon lighted the entire chamber; Rosario was ex-

tended upon his plank, with his arms crossed upon his breast. He did not move.

"I thought," said he in a very weak voice, "that you would never come again; I forgive you. This pardon seems now a small thing to you; but the day will come when you will recall it with less indifference!" Ildephonse approached his son and took one of his hands between his own; it was as cold as the marble. Terrified at his feebleness and inanition, Ildephonse returned to Silva, who was provided with wine and biscuits; he poured some wine into the mouth of Rosario, who turned towards him, full of calmness and sensibility; then, pressing with his trembling hand that of the count, he said:—

"My God! Who are you?" and saying these words he fainted. Silva and Camille joined the count, who was much alarmed. The former bathed the face of Rosario with cold water; then, assisted by Camille, he carried him through a subterranean passage to Isola Doma, passing through the Hall of the Tombs and the trap that Ildephonse knew but too well. They did not pause in the cabinet, which had formerly been that of Ildephonse, but was now used as an oratory, but placed him on a couch in a room ajoin-

ing, which was set apart for strangers who desired to make a retreat at Isola Doma. Rosario soon opened his eyes and looked with surprise upon those who surrounded him.

“Where am I?” cried he. In pity, tell me where I am!”

“In my home,” replied Silva; “we found you in a swoon and brought you here.”

“I am quite well now; thank you; let me go back. I must. This asylum is no longer for me.”

He attempted to rise, but fell back upon the bed, devoid of voice and strength. Silva gave him some biscuit steeped in wine; Camille and Ildephonse did not yet dare to make their appearance.

“Am I, then, in Isola Doma?” asked Rosario.

“Yes, in the very spot once owned by your father, the prince of Masserano.”

“Stop! respect my secret. Moreover, I am no longer his son, save by my love. Ah, let me leave this place, from which he banished me, and wherein my presence even is an infraction of his yet loved and revered will! but the count de Morven, is he well?”

“You are interested in him?”

“Ah! if my suspicions have any foundation I have nothing dearer in the whole world.”

At this moment Ildephonse approached the bed and took the hand of Rosario, who quickly threw himself upon his knees.

“O my father!” cried he; “you will pardon your son, you will bless Rosario now. Sixteen years have not altered in my heart your features, which are engraved therein.”

The count folded him in his arms, and covered him with his tears, saying :—

“Thy unhappy and very guilty father, is he, then, yet dear to thee. Is it really he whom thou namest with so much affection?”

“Am I really in the arms of my father?” replied Rosario, with a stifled voice, “or is it all a dream? O my God, have pity upon me! spare me the horror of an awakening! Let me die in these arms, in the arms of my father!”

Idlephonse pressed him to his heart, in a tender yet dolorous transport, and then placed him upon his bed. Camille made a sign to Silva to leave them together, and they withdrew.

“Rosario! my much loved Rosario!” said the count, seeing him ready to swoon again; “live for me; to pardon and love me.”

Rosario regarded him fixedly, and burst into tears.

“Is it really true ? But how is it that you yet love Rosario ? my father, reassure me !”

The count took his hands, which were wet with tears, within his own, and related to him all that had passed since their separation. Rosario began to be convinced of the reality of his happiness ; his soul embraced it in all its extent, and he yielded to it with the most touching abandonment.

“I will console you, O my father,” said he ; “I will never leave you, if you will allow your son to consecrate to you his life, as well as his love.”

They continued to converse together, and would not be separated. The following morning Silva went to consult with his father, count Henry of Walsingham, as he was desirous that Hippolyte should spend the day with Edmund in the country, leaving Ildephonse and Rosario entire liberty for their mutual confidence, before Hippolyte should be apprised of his father’s arrival ; he would also thus be left in ignorance of many details with which he was as yet not acquainted.

Henry went to seek Edmund, who came for

Hippolyte. Silva ordered some tea and chocolate to be brought to the chamber of the prince of Masserano, as we will now call him, and the latter begged him to invite Camille and Oscar to breakfast with them. Silva did so; Oscar was beside himself with joy and surprise. Ildephonse thought by their presence to distract the mind of Rosario, which was so deeply affected by the scenes through which he had passed. Camille pressed him to his heart, unable to utter a word.

Rosario had sufficient strength to conceal his inexpressible emotion. Oscar ran to embrace him, then, affectionately kissing the hand of Ildephonse, said :—

“ All those whom I love are happy, therefore I am so, also ! ” They seated themselves at the table, Rosario with the others ; Silva alone ate nothing, because he intended to celebrate mass, and during the meal could not refrain from gazing upon the angelic countenance of Rosario ; the lively color, caused by emotion and joy, heightened his heavenly beauty ; his eyes were ever fixed upon his father.

After breakfast they adjourned to the chapel. When rising, the prince of Masserano took from his bosom Rosario's little golden crucifix, which

had been given to him by Silva, and passed the ribbon around the neck of his son, saying :—

“ This trinket belongs to thee.”

The young man raised it to his lips, kissing also the hand that presented it.

Silva celebrated his mass, and they remained in prayer some time after it was finished ; afterwards Silva conducted them into the garden. It was the month of August, the intense heat had moderated, and the weather was delightful.

The count de Walsingham and Matilda came to pay them a visit, and without entering into any explanation they thanked the prince for his visit to Isola Doma and gave him the best account of Hippolyte.

Marie dined at Isola Doma, extended the warmest welcome to Rosario, and said smilingly to the prince Ildephonse that peace was signed between Edmund, Hippolyte, and herself, and that the two former had gone with lord Bathurst to spend the day with the count Emil de Tudor, who owned an adjoining country seat. The day passed pleasantly, and the sun's warmth had a most surprising effect upon the health of Rosario.

After evening prayers they met in the salon, to wait the return of Hippolyte. Silva went to



meet him, to announce the arrival of his father, and they entered the house together. Hippolyte threw himself into the arms of the prince, who with difficulty concealed his emotion.

"In the two months," said he, "since I have seen you, I have found my brother in the Signor Camille, and to augment your happiness I have brought you a friend worthy of you, and one in whom you may place your affection and confidence; it is the count Rosario," added he, at the same time presenting him.

The latter embraced Hippolyte, who said:—

"I have already some good friends; but I will not love you the less for that." "Besides," added the considerate Oscar, "Silva and I cannot always be with you; your father may travel, and we shall not leave Isola Doma, but count Rosario will reside with you always."

"I sincerely hope," said Hippolyte quickly, "that my father will not oblige me to separate from you and lord Silva; for it would kill me."

"If your father should conclude to travel," replied Silva, "and should allow you your liberty to decide whether you will accompany him or remain with us, I do not think that you would hesitate in your choice." Hippolyte colored

and cast down his eyes. The prince of Masserano, who was listening to this conversation, pressed the hand of Rosario with an affectionate look, which seemed to say :—

“Thou wouldst not reflect one moment ; thy father is before all others in thy heart.”

To know and to love Rosario were one and the same thing for Hippolyte. That evening his father drew him aside and in presence of Rosario alone acknowledged that he had passed many years in total forgetfulness of his religion, but that now, having the happiness of seeing his fault, he desired that Hippolyte should be instructed therein, and, moreover, it was the dying request of his mother, which he had promised upon his oath to fulfil.

“I am half a Catholic now,” said Hippolyte ; “Oscar and Monsieur Billingham have already instructed me in their faith ; there remains for me only your sanction ; but, notwithstanding all their assurances, I did not believe that I should ever obtain it.”

“And in that case, what would you have done ?” asked the prince, smiling.

“I do not know, as I have not considered the question, that I might not give myself un-

necessary trouble before being obliged to do so."

The prince embraced him, laughing, and Hippolyte, remarking his fatigued and care-worn appearance, enquired tenderly for his health. Then the prince told him how near he had been to death, and that the fear alone of exposing his son had prevented him from being deprived of his presence.

Hippolyte threw himself into his father's arms, saying :—

"What would have become of me if you had died?" and at the same time Rosario raised his father's hand to his lips and tenderly kissed it.

Shortly after, as it was already late, Silva came to offer the prince of Masserano a separate room from that of Rosario; but Ildephonse thanked him and preferred to remain with the latter.

It would be difficult to describe the happiness of Rosario on that first night. Deprived for more than fifteen years of all enjoyment, prey to all the bitterness of weariness, the most total abandonment, solitude, and the deprivation of all the resources of life, he now suddenly found himself reunited to and even sleeping with his

father, whom he had found full of love. The prince was not less happy himself, for the remorse for the past, which was mitigated by the hope of pardon, did not disturb a joy the more stable as it was established upon a profound humility, a sincere repentance, and an inviolable and ardent resolution to repair all the evils his faults had produced.

They arose early and repaired together to the chapel. Silva was already there with Oscar; Ildephonse made his confession, as did also Rosario, after which Silva celebrated mass and gave them Holy Communion. Don Camille, Oscar, Henry, and Matilda also received. Hippolyte was deeply affected by their happiness, and expressed much regret at not being able to participate in it. After breakfast, M. Morano was announced; Silva had taken care to acquaint him with the news, and the venerable old man could not contain his joy when pressing in his trembling arms his dear and much loved Rosario. Tears bathed his face as he pressed in affectionate silence the hand of Ildephonse, who kissed his with sentiments of profound repentance, and drew him aside to confide to him his faults as well as his bitter regrets.

During this time Oscar and Silva, finding themselves alone for a moment with Rosario, begged him to tell them why they had failed to meet him ever since the day when the former had visited his solitude.

Rosario seated himself with them upon a terrace in the garden, while his father was walking at a short distance with M. Morano.

“I shall never again refer to a time forever to be forgotten,” said he with a touching smile; “but for this once and the last time, I will speak to you of those days of sadness, which the joy of seeing my father has effaced forever from my heart.

“Upon leaving Oscar, I returned to my home, suffering with a headache and a lassitude which I attributed to my unaccustomed exercise. I was finally obliged to throw myself upon my bed. I slept for some time, and awakened at mid-day with a burning thirst, along with a shivering which warned me that I had the fever. I dragged myself with great difficulty into the room which contains the fountain and filled the pitcher, placing it, along with a glass, near my bed. I lay down again and found myself very ill. Six days passed, during which I only

drank a little water, the fever continuing nearly all the time and accompanied with great weakness. My soul was a prey to the deepest sadness; I felt a double horror of my solitude, since I had met with sympathetic hearts; I pictured in my mind your affectionate care, and my heart well nigh broke, it having no longer sufficient courage to support the total abandonment of all creatures. Towards evening my keeper entered; as he saw that I had not eaten my allowance of bread he approached me."

" 'I beg you in pity,' I said, 'to bring me some water from the fountain, for I am dying of thirst, and have not sufficient strength to go for it myself.' He brought it, and placing the pitcher near me, went away, saying nothing; about an hour after he returned, a thing which he had never done before.

" 'Count Rosario,' said he, 'you must know that you are very ill; will you die without having obtained your father's pardon? Will you not have pity on him as well as yourself? Will you refuse even until the last moment that which he desires?' Saying these words he took from his bosom a form of profession of the Calvinistic faith, which he had often before pre-

sented to me, but always without any success.

“ ‘If you have not sufficient strength to sign it,’ continued he, ‘permit me to do so for you. I will send it immediately to your father, and you will soon after be folded in his arms. Consider of how many advantages you are deprived, his love, and a thousand others that are in store for you, and of which as yet you know nothing.’

“ ‘I have lost nothing but the love of a father whom I love,’ I replied; ‘but allow me to die worthy of him and of my religion; very soon all my sufferings will be forgotten.’

“ I repulsed the hand with which he presented me the paper; and with my own covered my face bathed in tears. I kept a sad silence, and he, placing a decanter of lemonade, some oranges, lemons, and sugar, turned to go away; but I held him, saying :—

“ ‘Tell me if it is really true that my father knows my condition, and if he has not been here for a long time?’

“ ‘In whatever place he may be, I write to him exactly all that concerns you and the ill success of my efforts to render you more docile to his commands. You are very foolish, Don Rosario, to resist the paternal will with so much

obstinacy. There is a God who curses rebellious children.' He continued to urge me with the most pressing solicitations; but I had the grace to resist; and as he left me said to him: 'You will write to my father? say to him that Rosario is dying, and that he begs one word from him, one single word of farewell, of pardon, and his blessing.'

" 'I leave you to your reflections,' replied he: 'I will return in a few days.'

" He took away the untouched bread and left in its place some that was fresh and cut into the usual portions. Ten days passed, and he did not return; the fever had left me, but I was very feeble, not having taken any nourishment for several days after his visit, except the lemonade. I afterwards consumed all the bread and for twenty-four hours had nothing, but after that time my father came to re-animate me and make me happy. I was resigned to die. I faced death even without regret as regarded myself; but in thinking of my father, of you, of Silva, I felt that my heart yet clung to earth, and this thought, 'friendship will seek me, await me, but will never see me more; I shall die here alone and without assistance,' wrung my heart. How-



ever, by degrees heavenly love began to occupy it and nature seemed already to have broken its bonds, when the door of my prison opened and recalled to me that I was yet alive ! ”

Rosario ceased as his father returned with Monsieur Morano. Before re-entering the chateau Silva proposed to visit Oberonzo, who was ill. They did so, and upon entering his house found him in bed and his son attending him.

As soon as he saw Ildephonse he rose, saying : “ I wish to speak to you alone sir,” but upon seeing Rosario added : “ I have nothing to say; I see that you are the sole author of that with which I intended to acquaint you. Having been taken suddenly ill, I sent Albert to Bayonne, but he did not see you ; I then sent him to the ruins of Castle Morna, but they were uninhabited, and the Marble Hall was entirely deserted.”

“ That is true,” said the prince; “ it was quite time to act the father and to ask a forgiveness for which some hours later I might have sued in vain. The angel, who yet loves me, has accompanied me here to offer it to you also ; if you will merit it, imitate me, return to the religion of your parents, which was also that of your infancy.”

**Oberonzo frowned.**

“Your affairs are no longer mine,” said he dryly ; “I have executed your orders precisely as I received them and without weighing them.”

The prince seated himself upon the bedside of Oberonzo, and Rosario withdrew to some distance, in order to leave them more freedom. Ildephonse asked for additional details in regard to the conduct of his son during his captivity. Oberonzo raised himself partly in the bed and related everything of any moment that had occurred since Rosario had been confided to his care.

“When I went to him for the first time, I bound up his hand and staunched the blood which had recommenced to flow ; he threw his arms around me, calling me by your name.

“‘I am not your father,’ said I, ‘and you will never see him again until you sign a profession of faith like his own.’

“‘I shall never see him again, then !’ replied Rosario slowly.

“He rose ; but not being able to support himself, leaned upon me. I gave him a piece of bread that I had brought, saying :—

“‘You must eat to preserve your life ; it is the wish of your father.’

“He took the bread without making any reply,

seated himself upon the floor, eat some morsels, and burst into tears ; then, looking around the room, said :—

“ ‘ Was it my father who placed me here ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, it was his very self.’

“ ‘ I am content then to live and die here. Are you to take care of me ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, I alone ; I will come every eight days to see if you are yet alive ; and if in the meantime you have need of any thing, or have consumed your bread, here is the profession of faith of which I have spoken ; sign it with this pencil, pass the paper under the door, and I will come to your aid ; otherwise you have nothing to expect from me, except at the last extremity.’

“ He took the paper, tore it in pieces, and handed it calmly back to me.

“ ‘ I know how to die, but not to renounce my God and my faith.’

“ I placed upon the floor a loaf of bread cut into eight portions, and a pitcher of water, along with a glass. There was neither bed, nor chair, nor any article of furniture whatever in this room. I returned the third day.

“ ‘ Are you, then, so proud, Signor Rosario,’ said I, ‘ that you will ask for nothing, and that you pre-

fer to sleep upon the floor rather than to ask for those articles which are so necessary ?’

“He regarded me with an angelic sweetness.

“‘It was not through pride, I assure you,’ said he, ‘but I did not think it was my place to seek to better the condition in which my father has placed me.’

“I brought him a covering, which, when folded in eight thicknesses, still bore the proportions of an ordinary bed, and placed it upon the floor, so that he could sleep upon it or cover himself with it, for the season was yet cold; he enquired if you had sent it to him; but upon my replying in the negative he sighed, but did not speak. Shortly after he asked if he might sing in his solitude.

“‘Certainly not,’ I replied; ‘for your voice would discover your whereabouts, which your father desires to keep concealed; if you should do so, I should be obliged to place you in a dungeon impenetrable to the light of day.’

“‘That threat is not at all necessary,’ replied he; ‘I asked you with the intention of resigning myself to my father’s will, for it is my law.’

“‘You do not prove that it is so in the very thing that he requires of you.’

“ ‘ And the only one, perhaps, that I shall ever refuse him.’

“ I left him ; and during the months that he occupied this prison his resignation and sweetness never decreased ! I often found him asleep, but always upon the floor, for he never made use of any alleviation that you did not order for him.

“ When the castle took fire I at first did not think of my prisoner. The flames surrounded the tower before I recollected him. I did not dare to brave the danger to deliver him ; but soon, the wind driving the flames in a different direction, I tremblingly sought my prisoner. A thick smoke filled the entire room ; Rosario was upon his knees in prayer.

“ ‘ The chateau is on fire,’ I said ; ‘ follow me ! ’ He threw himself into my arms and remained motionless ; I carried him into the open air, and not knowing what to do with him, I carried him into the marble hall, which was uninjured ; I took him to the room of the cascade and revived him ; and as this place seemed conformable to your designs I left him there. I placed therein a plank that he might suffer less than upon the marble pavement, and I thought that the fountain would contribute to the healthfulness of the air and be

beneficial to him, the more so as he had always, from his infancy, been accustomed to cold baths, and he could continue this practice, so necessary to his health. When I told him that this was to be his dwelling in future he asked if you knew it. I told him that I should inform you; some days after I told him that you approved of the place, and added, 'If, however, you suffer from the cold, let me know.'

" 'My father knows the place,' replied he with a sad smile; 'I am as comfortable as he desires me to be?'

" As I turned to go away he seized my hand, and begged me to ask you to come to him, if only for one moment.

" 'Can I promise him that you will do what he requires of you?'

" 'Only ask him this favor,' replied the child, 'and do not speak of the past.'

" I disengaged his hands, which were cold and trembling with emotion, and left him. I would often visit him very late on Sundays and urge him to comply with your demands. I even threatened to leave him to die and to quit him without leaving him anything, but in vain were all these attempts. His gentleness was unalter-

able ; he would smile upon me each time that I appeared before him, and I acknowledge to you, sir, that it required every motive of interest that bound me to your service not to deliver this winning victim. He suffered for almost a year from a slow fever ; it was at that time six years since he had been confided to my care, and the weariness of long suffering, the privation of every comfort which, without being absolutely necessary, might have mitigated his sufferings, were felt sensibly by him. I hoped that his constancy would be shaken, but in vain did I represent to him the love and solicitude of his father, of which he deprived himself of his own free will. I even allowed him to think that his malady would terminate his life, and he would then conjure me with tears to procure for him the succors of his religion, but his firmness was unalterable.

“ During this time I had taken his bed into the bath room, that he might be nearer to the fountain ; but when the fever left him he returned to the hall. Some weeks since he was attacked by a serious illness. I intended to take him some nourishment, but having fallen ill myself, Heaven sent you.”

Oberonzo ceased speaking. Silva gained,

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through the most pressing solicitations, permission to send him a physician, which he had heretofore constantly refused. He also begged Monsieur Morano to visit him and neglect nothing to cure his soul as well as his body.





## XIX.

**A**FTER his visit to Oberonzo the prince of Masserano returned with Rosario to Isola Doma. He gave all the necessary orders for the repairing of Castle Morna, of which one wing, the old tower, the chapel, and vaults were but slightly damaged; and they found they would be able to reside in these while the rest was being rebuilt.

The inmates of Isola Doma made a visit to the ruins together, and the prince read with the deepest emotion all that Rosario had written upon the walls of his first prison, after which they went from there to the marble hall. In the back part of the niche in which was the miserable bed of Rosario the latter pointed out a door concealed by the ornamented designs in the marble; it opened into a long corridor, which had formerly communicated with a part of the chateau; the latter being now in ruins, this door opened into the outer air. The discovery of this door had allowed Rosario to visit, for the last few months, the church and the forest. Above this door there was carved in the marble a Christ,

half the size of life and of a striking beauty. This work, so difficult and tedious, had been Rosario's sole occupation during the last nine years of his captivity. The prince of Masserano caused this marble to be taken to the chapel and placed upon an altar consecrated to the Passion. He also ordered that the marble hall should be properly arranged, altering scarcely anything, and had a small expiatory altar erected therein. This spot he consecrated to meditation, and during the remainder of his life he never failed to pass about two hours there at night, before taking his repose. Castle Morna was soon entirely rebuilt. Oberonzo, now quite restored to health, was established therein as porter, and having returned to his religion, desired that his son should be instructed in the same.

Castle Abbey Ha, Isola Doma, and Castle Morna seemed to contain but one and the same family ; all the members of this happy community were closely united by the same faith, an ardent charity, and the greatest esteem. Hippolyte did not as yet know the identity of Rosario, as his father desired that he should love him before finding in him a brother ; and very easy it was for the latter to become deeply attached to the

sensitive Hippolyte ; for Rosario, knowing him to be his own brother, loved him for this reason before seeing him, and he quickly gained the entire confidence of the young man and became his guide as well as his friend. They both studied together under the direction of Camille and their father.

The prince of Masserano wrote a very forcible letter to the chevalier de Villa Flor. He acquainted him with his return to faith and virtue, spoke in very strong terms of the unhappiness which was in store for his brother-in-law if he should have the misfortune of dying out of the faith, and forbade him ever to seek or see him again unless he was decided to re-enter the bosom of the Church.

To this letter he joined the papers of settlement upon the chevalier of former donations of estates without titles, and sent them to Villa Flor, where the chevalier resided, but received no response nor even any tidings of him ; but he felt compensated for this trial by the sincere conversion of Oberonzo. The prince having desired that his son should receive instructions with Hippolyte, the two neophytes were ready for the impressive ceremony of First Communion by the

eighth of September, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Castle Morna was decorated with taste and simplicity. Hippolyte and his companion had passed the five preceding days in retreat, and the touching ceremony took place in the parish church, as the prince thought this would conduce to the edification of the villagers. Silva and Camille took part in the ceremonies, the former celebrating a solemn high mass. The remainder of the day was passed in solitude and recollection, and in the evening the inhabitants of the two chateaux as well as those of Isola Doma met in the grand salon of Castle Morna. When all were assembled the prince of Masserano embraced Hippolyte, saying :—

“ This day is the happiest of my life ; and as it is customary on such an occasion that a father should make such a present to his son as shall always recall it to his mind in after years, I have purposely awaited this happy event to give you the greatest mark of confidence in discovering to you a brother in your best friend Rosario. I give or rather return him to you, for he has belonged to you from your birth ; he is my eldest son.”

The young man, quite bewildered and scarcely

realizing what he had heard, threw himself into the open arms of his much loved Rosario ; their friends rejoiced in their happiness, and the evening was passed amidst delightful music in the brightly illuminated gardens, and the whole village partook of the hospitality of the prince of Masserano.



## XX.

THE prince of Masserano presented Rosario to all as his eldest son, and caused him to be called by the name of del Morna, which he had borne in his childhood, and he also informed him of the contract which insured to him an immense fortune; but Rosario, who loved his brother, made all over to him by a solemn renunciation, reserving for himself only Castle Morna, which he loved, because his father desired to end there his days. He presented this paper, already signed, to his father, and begged his permission to embrace the ecclesiastical state. The prince also signed it, deeply affected, but he believed that Almighty God required this sacrifice of him and looked upon himself as unworthy of keeping for himself alone so perfect a child. He consented that Rosario should accompany Silva to Bayonne when he should be ready to receive minor orders. Oscar Bathurst ardently desired to embrace the same career, but his health, although much improved, would not yet permit him to devote himself to a state of life in which he would wish to fulfil all the duties in their greatest perfection ;

he, nevertheless, made the journey with Silva and Rosario. The latter had profited so well by the instructions of Monsieur Morano and the ecclesiastics of Isola Doma that, by extraordinary dispensation, he received all the orders in the space of six months.

His return filled up the happiness of the solitaires of Isola Doma, for the prince of Masserano might well be reckoned among their number; his piety was fervid and enlightened, and his faith unwavering. He became accustomed to see Hippolyte enjoy himself without him and even to recreate himself by accompanying Edmund when the latter made short journeys into the neighboring provinces, and acknowledged that, while a moderate amount of amusement was very appropriate to his son, solitude and penance should be his own portion. Happy in having found for Hippolyte the society of a virtuous family, he depended upon Edmund and his friends for the same watchfulness and solicitude over his son that he had lavished upon him when he lived for him alone.

After the ordination of Rosario the recluses rarely ever quitted Isola Doma. Henry, at the desire of Rosario, had consented that a gallery

should be constructed from the latter place to Castle Morna, and thus Ildephonse and his eldest son were aggregated to the number of the recluses, and Isola Doma became, as it were, a little community, of which Monsieur Billingham was the superior, and Matilda the manager.

The arrival of Oswald de Veyderfeld, who was a priest, and deeply attached to the count de Walsingham, augmented this holy society, which then consisted of eight persons, not including Matilda nor her three domestics. They were all bound by a simple promise to observe the rules of the house, which they made to Monsieur Billingham, and also to obey his direction. The desires of Oscar were now fulfilled, and Lord Bathurst, who resided at Castle Abbey Ha, daily visited Isola Doma and was happy in the happiness of his loved son. He had gained by earnest solicitation the privilege of paying his board at Castle Abbey Ha, so that he might feel assured of a permanent residence near his son, and his presence there offered a friend and guide to Edmund and Marie, as precious as he proved an affectionate and amiable mentor to Hippolyte de Masserano, who chose to dwell with them. The recluses of Isola Doma said the Roman



Office in choir, rose at five o'clock, dined at mid-day, and retired at nine o'clock at night. Monsieur Billingham and Rosario said mass daily at Isola Doma, while Camille and Silva frequently celebrated their masses in the parish church, for the convenience of the villagers, as Monsieur Morano had no assistant, and was often unable to celebrate, on account of his infirmities. Oscar was subject only to obedience, and it was only enforced to compel him to moderate his fervor. They obliged him to take frequent walks with Edmund and Hippolyte, to whom exercise was absolutely necessary, and as the recluses fasted he was obliged to breakfast at Castle Abbey Ha. He was made to feel that obedience is the greatest of all virtues, they promising him that later on he might do as the others did. He finally accomplished this, when in the full enjoyment of health, restored by a well regulated and peaceful life, the infallible gage of happiness in this life as well as in *the* next.

Oswald de Veyderfeld participated in the happiness of his friends; he continued to correspond with Henry even after his return to Belgium, and never abandoned the desire of sharing their retreat.

Rosario enjoyed excellent health; accustomed to cold and fasting, he was never ill. Filial love, ardent devotion, sweetness, and unfailing good sense formed the basis of his angelic character.

Don Alphonse de Mancini, after spending a year at Castle Abbey Ha, quitted his friends only to return soon after to settle in their neighborhood, having sold his possessions in Italy.

Edmund, Lord Seymour, and Lord Bathurst never separated, and the prince of Masserano, after a life so stormy and culpable, received the grace from God to serve Him faithfully to an advanced age.

The piety of these holy recluses communicated itself even to those of their friends who, being obliged to conform to the usages of society, could not imitate them in their utter renunciation of the world; and they would annually make a retreat at Isola Doma. Others would frequently make a triduum before the greater feasts of the year, and that portion of Castle Morna which communicated with Isola Doma was reserved for the accommodation of those animated by this holy desire.

During such times these persons would conform to the rules of the house, adapting themselves to

the regular hours for meditation, prayer, and silence, according to their devotion and strength, and they would return to their homes happier and more detached from a world which proves so dangerous to those who are too devoted to it, but a source of merit to those who live in it to the edification of others.

Peace having been restored in Scotland, Matilda recovered Rosline Castle as well as her other possessions; but she and Henry had settled themselves in Isola Doma as their last dwelling place upon this earth, although they reserved these possessions in case their grandchildren should desire to visit the tombs of Arthur and their other deceased relatives; but she cherished the sweet hope that these loved ones, now in the enjoyment of heavenly joys, watched over her in Spain as well as in Rosline Castle.

Sidney, who passed a few days every three months at Isola Doma, shared with her this sweet hope, and Matilda one day said to her friends, like St. Monica of old :—

“We may rest assured that God will have no difficulty in finding our mortal remains and in reuniting them to those they have loved, wherever they may have been buried; let us there-

fore only endeavor to insure the salvation of our souls, for, in proportion to the empire that these immortal intelligences exercise over our bodies during life, so shall they partake of their happiness for all eternity."

And thus their days passed quietly and peacefully, in the midst of political storms and civil revolutions, and the recluses of Isola Doma enjoyed in this sacred retreat the most perfect happiness that can be found upon earth, a happiness that the world knows not nor even suspects, and which can be surpassed alone by that eternal joy with which it shall be crowned in heaven.

THE END.



## OUR GUS.

**W**HILE I was yet in my teens, my eldest sister came to reside with us, bringing with her her little fatherless boy, two and a half years of age. I had not seen him since he was six months old, but remembered him as being a very beautiful child and a remarkably intelligent one for his age. I remembered having carried him in my arms at that time to show him the pictures in the different rooms, and, while standing before one in particular, that of an ideal female figure, I was quite surprised to see him turn his little head and look inquiringly around the room, until his eye rested upon another, something similar ; he then turned to the one we were standing before, and looking from one to the other pointed to the more distant one, as if he would draw my attention to the resemblance between them. Many other similar instances caused me to consider him the most wonderful child of the age. Therefore, when I heard that he was coming to remain with us, I was much pleased, but when, instead of the

prodigy I was prepared to welcome, I saw a tiny, emaciated creature, with little sticks of arms and legs, and a neck much of the same style, I was decidedly disappointed; he looked to me for all the world like a bird just out of the shell, and that is saying quite enough, for of all unsightly objects that would bear the prize, I remembered once, when quite a little girl, of being all anxiety to see a young bird; for, if young chickens are so pretty, I thought, how much more so must be a little bird. My wish was gratified, but I never desired a second sight; why, they looked as Gus did when he first came to us, only fifty per cent. worse; so one looked like the others and the others looked like the one, and neither looked as I thought they would, and in both I was much disappointed. Not being at all fond of children, I let him drop, which was quite an easy matter, as he claimed no attention from any one except his mother, and was at most times silent and fond of remaining quiet. I could not deny that his face would be very sweet if it were not so emaciated, and if it had not such a pained and wearied expression.

His chief pleasure seemed to consist in increasing the size of a small hole he had dis-

covered in a cane-seated chair, which he succeeded in doing by first introducing his hand and then his foot, until finally it became large enough for him to stand within, and he would do so for a considerable length of time ; whether for pleasure or support, I never knew, but it struck me at the time as being a most stupid pastime.

One day, seeing him walking over to the corner where the chair was, I began to soliloquize in this manner : “ What a very stupid child. I never thought stupidity ran in our family. I never remember to have seen any stupid members ; in fact, they all seem rather inclined to be of the opposite style ; ” and I called to mind the many and varied escapades of different juvenile connections, and being of a rather logical turn of mind, I began to deduce conclusions from the premises before me. “ He has the pace of a turtle, yet withal there seems to be great determination in it. He is so erect and has such a proud bearing, although his drooping head and meekly folded hands seem to denote such perfect resignation to the existing state of things. He never complains, and his actions seem to indicate entire independence of all human consolation. I am inclined to think that to be the motive of his

making such a use of the chair ; most children that I have seen have a habit of leaning against people, but perhaps he feels a want of sympathy in those by whom he is surrounded and he will not seek it when it is not proffered ; this denotes the highest degree of sensitiveness and also a vast amount of justifiable pride," I think. "This inertness may be indicative of two things, either stupidity, as I have already classed it, or else a mind too active for the feeble body which contains it, and therefore leaves it outside its operations. Upon the whole, I am inclined to like this child, according to the analysis I have made," and I repeated to myself the words of the poet :

‘There are spots that bear no flowers ;  
Not because the soil is bad,  
But the summer’s genial showers  
Never make their blossoms glad.’

“Poor child, perhaps he really feels the want of the affection that he does not receive, he is rarely noticed, and it is not right.” I was always inclined to like things that were not of the ordinary run ; therefore I began to get quite interested, and, remembering to have seen a book in the library, bearing the title, “The Child,” I went for it, to see, peradventure, if I could find



therein some category containing the species under which I might class this anomalous being. I opened the book at this passage: "Here is a child: it is necessary to bring him up; but what does that mean, and what is this child?" "I have it now," thought I; "this is surely his case; well:"—"This child is mankind; he is entire humanity; he is man; nothing more, nothing less. He has a right to the solicitude of all the authorities; to the action and benevolence of all the powers on earth. He has a right to every respect, and he, in his turn, owes it to them. All the authorities, divine and human—the prince, the priest, the teacher, the magistrate, the Church, home and society, have been instituted for him. Moral discipline, instruction, literature, science, religion, all the prizes of labor and virtue; in fine, Providence and everything on earth exists for him, because he himself is on earth from God and for God! For this reason, all in this world ought to labor for his education; all ought to concur in bringing him up; all ought to perform or assist in this great work. . . . And what is education? It is this: to cultivate, to train, to develop, to strengthen, and to polish all the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious faculties

which constitute nature and human dignity in the child ; to give to these faculties their perfect integrity ; to establish them in the plenitude of their power and their action." After reading thus far I stopped. This is all about this child as much as any other, I said to myself, turning at the same time to look for him, for he had gained a new degree of importance in my eyes. There he was, standing in the chair as usual ; he was leaning on his elbows, and his chin was resting upon his hands ; his eyes had a wistful, far-away look, which quite touched my heart. "I'll see what he's made of," I thought, and going over to the chair and seizing its back, I drew it after me across the room ; his first look of surprise was succeeded by one of indignation at thus having his rights interfered with, and this again gave place to one of anger, as he was thus compelled to run against his will. He struck out with his little hands right and left, trying to hit me, but the blows only fell upon the chair. "Thank God," I thought, "there's some life there yet, and some spirit also." Seeing me in very good humor, and being relieved of any anxiety in regard to his footing being well supported by the chair, his anger subsided ; he saw that I was

a friend, and not a foe, as he at first supposed, and readily agreed to accept me for a horse, but we did not take a very long drive at first, as he was very weak, but repeated it every day.

Having found that there was really life and spirit in him, I determined to develop them. The thought had often forced itself upon me that my life was a very useless one, and I was often inclined to wonder why I had been created. "Now," I thought, "if I can benefit this little boy in any way, and if, through my efforts, he should prove a blessing to others, my life will not have been all together useless, and the world may be a little better for my having been within it." As I said before, I knew nothing of children; being the youngest of the family myself, they had never come under my observation, and I could never understand the raptures which I witnessed in certain young friends of my own when in the presence of "the darlings." Neither was I at that time sufficiently philanthropic to go in search of doing good, but when an opportunity presented itself in which some good might be done I would have deemed myself guilty to neglect it; now, here was one directly before me, and I would undertake and fulfil it to the best of my ability.

Referring to the passage that I had read before, I remarked that the physical faculties took the precedence of the others; it is well, I thought, to have a good foundation to build upon, so with the physical we will begin. Hereupon I determined to follow out a method of my own, but which, although quite successful in this particular case, yet, I would not advise others to follow indiscriminately. I was always noted for originality, therefore I met with no little opposition in regard to practising this method by those who followed the beaten path of hygienics; but I carried my point and began to tempt the appetite of Master Gus with sweatmeats. The coaxed appetite after a while became quite natural, and finally he was able to do justice to a good meal of solid food. I verily believe that children often lose their health and strength through not having their food made palatable for them when their appetite is poor, and, not being able to make it so themselves, through either want of knowledge or sufficient interest or strength to make the exertion, they finally become unable to eat or digest what they do eat, their digestive organs becoming too weak to perform their functions through want of use. And here let me remark, it has been a

theory of my own that, not alone in the matter of corporal food but also in regard to that of the mind and the soul, it is very necessary to stoop to the level of those we would benefit by providing them with suitable literature and counsel, at first coaxing by that which is pleasing, and finally leading them to desire that which is more solid, in fact, as the Apostle says, "becoming all things to all men to lead them to Christ."

This novel mode of treatment, to which was added out-of-door exercise, was highly advantageous in more ways than one; we became, through its means, great friends, and the physical improvement in the subject was manifest to all; the color came to the pale cheeks, life to the eyes, and plumpness to his neck and arms, and his feet were now quite able to bear their increased burden; moreover, the olden beauty had returned, and with it spirits of the highest order. So great was the change that the photograph taken when he first came to us could no longer be recognized.

Our mutual love also increased in due proportion, until all declared that we were quite enough for each other, and I guess we thought so, too.

Master Gus seemed to have adopted as the ruling spirit of his actions the words of Ruth of

olden time, "Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go : and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, etc." All our possessions and all our friends were joint property, but I am inclined to think that he was the principal gainer by this arrangement, although in a degree I was benefited by it in having my right more securely established to those I already enjoyed, for no one ever dared to interfere with anything appertaining to me when he was around. If visitors came to see me, and he was not informed, I would very soon know the state of his wounded feelings. Once a young theological student, an old friend of the family, chanced to call. Master Gus was not aware of the fact at the time, being busily engaged in some other part of the house. After the visitor had taken leave, I remained awhile in the parlor and presently heard the hasty pattering of feet that were making up for lost time, and Master Gus made his appearance. Looking all around, and seeing no one present but myself, his face assumed an expression of great displeasure and considerable wounded feeling ; he waited a moment to become master of himself, for this Gus of ours had a wonderful degree of self control for one so young,

and then, in a would-be composed voice, while swallowing his repressed tears, said: "Aunt Yot, don't oo know Mr.——— is my send (friend) ? . . Don't oo *know* it ? . . And oo didn't tell me." And seeing the reproachful tone had not produced the desired compunction on my part, the flood-gates gave way, and the tears fell thick and fast, for the said gentleman was a particular favorite of his, and, moreover, he seemed to feel the light degree of importance in which he had been held. I took him into my lap, and we made up, but after the tears had ceased to flow he said: "Don't ever do that aden, Aunt Yot, for he is *my send*." Our Gus was a general favorite, and he knew it also; one time he said, with a seriousness quite amusing, "Aunt Yot, I have so many sends, I don't know what to do." Sometimes, however, his presence in the parlor was apt to be followed by rather unpleasant consequences, and therefore not entirely agreeable to all concerned, as, for instance, when a particular friend of my elder sister's called, and upon my asking Master Gus, who had just entered, the cause of her delay, was informed that she was "curling her hair upon the gas fixture." At that time one long curl was in vogue, and her hair not being sufficiently long,



the hairdresser had supplied the defect. Gus was very truthful; he believed in telling always the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and often more than was quite necessary. Another time he made his appearance just a moment too late to disgrace her entirely, as the visitor had fortunately taken his departure, with her toilet powder rather unartistically applied in prodigal profusion over his rosy cheeks; how was he to know that the mysteries of the toilet were matters of inviolable secrecy, and not intended to be unveiled, or that what was good for one was not the same for another? One thing is certain, she did not view him with the indulgent eyes that I did, for if she had had her way our Gus would never or very seldom have been seen in the parlor. I always made it a practice to keep from his knowledge as far as was possible anything that it was desirable to keep secret, thereby avoiding the pernicious effect upon childhood of binding it to a secrecy which it has not sufficient tact to preserve without making use of falsehood. Faber truly says: "Unless clear duty is there to sanctify it, he who confides a secret to another has laid a burden on him, led him into temptation, fettered his child-like liberty of spirit, and



impaired the presence of God in his soul. Secrets make us petty, narrow, untruthful, unsimple, and out of God's presence. Great-minded people have few secrets." Not to be confounded with secrecy, however, is that judicious caution which should be exercised in repeating to others all we see and hear, and which children should be taught to observe when sufficiently old to discriminate.

I had a parrot, which had been brought to me from South America ; it was a great pet, and as is the case with all pets, there existed great rivalry between it and our Gus. I was continually keeping the peace, and soothing the wounded feelings of one or the other. I could always succeed in reasoning peace into Gus, but was not equally fortunate in allaying the irritated feelings of Ione, as she was named after the heroine in the opera of the same name, and the popular one of the time. Ione had been accustomed to come from her cage at will, and would often climb upon my lap, and even to my shoulder or the back of the chair upon which I was seated, sitting thereon, sometimes sleeping, more often chatting or singing in a sweet and gentle voice, quite different from the usual harsh tones of most parrots. But this had to be stopped on account

of the existing state of affairs, for Master Gus would see Ione first in possession, he would either climb into my lap or bring his little chair alongside mine, and claim all my attention. Ione would then hasten down to bite him, and war would be declared. If, on the contrary, Gus was the first in possession, Ione would hasten, as soon as she was aware of the fact, and dispute the ground. Once, when the former had drawn his little rocking chair to my side, and was deeply interested in some amusing story, Ione meanwhile intent upon a spool of thread which she was busily entangling, a laugh from Gus attracted her attention, for she always made it a point to laugh when others did; she looked up and dropped the spool, but instead of laughing this time, hastened down from her cage and waddled over to us, in her haste quite tumbling over. Vexed at this humiliation, she began to scold, and running as fast as was possible for her, climbed up on the opposite side of my lap, darted at him, and a battle began, quite in sport on his side, quite in earnest on hers. Gus held out his finger, and Ione snapped repeatedly at it, until, stretching too far, she lost her balance and tumbled off my lap upon the floor. Enraged with her defeat, she

ran around to where he was sitting in such a violent temper that Master Gus thought best to take to his heels, screaming at the same time, Ione partly running partly flying after him. The chase became quite desperate, and Ione was gaining fast. I could not keep from laughing, so ludicrous was the sight, until the cries of the really terrified child of "O Aunt Yot, save me, save me," caused me to put an end to the chase by restoring Ione to her cage again. I believe she never forgot that event, for she was a sworn enemy of Master Gus from that time forward.

Gussie had a little maid, whose sole care was to see that he kept out of mischief; but, either the vigilance was wanting on the one side, or he evaded it on the other, for mischief was ever on the tapis; mischief and love seemed to fill his days; when not engaged in one, the other was sure to be his occupation, but as love could always withdraw him from mischief, I infer it was the stronger of the two.

Who has not heard the little song which runs thus?

"I love Susie dearly, but Susie don't love me,  
Susie loves another, as I can plainly see;  
Susie dear, Susie dear, wont you come and live with *me*?  
Susie dear, Susie dear, wont you come with *me*?"

Well, if Master Gus did not make his appearance for some little time, I would begin this, very slowly and plaintively, substituting the name of Hussie for that of Susie, and it would always produce the desired effect; if on the same floor, he would make his appearance immediately; no depth of mischief, however interesting, would delay him; if on the floor above, perhaps some article of furniture would be overturned in his haste, and the hasty pattering of feet on the stairs would herald his approach, but fearing even this most necessary delay was too lengthy, he would assure me of the state of his affections on the way, "I do! I do! I do, Aunt Yot! I do woo oo," and then a pair of arms would be thrown around my neck, and some danger of death from strangulation would ensue.

Our Gus was the essence of neatness; not a spot must be seen on his dress, which was usually white; his hands were constantly under the process of ablution, and for sake of convenience the soap was usually left in the basin, to be ready for the next time. At the table an ordinary number of dishes would not suffice; if allowed, each article of food would have its separate plate, but when obliged to have more than one upon the same

plate, distance was carefully guarded, and sufficient space was left between each to prevent the possibility of their quarrelling. I often remonstrated with him about this extreme nicety, assuring him that, when he had swallowed them all, they would not have different receptacles, but all be mixed promiscuously together; he would listen to my reasoning, but as soon as possible turn the conversation into some other channel, with a manner quite unconvinced after all. Gus had a remarkable facility for changing any conversation that did not exactly suit him; it often quite amused his elders to see with what adroitness it would be done; he was a striking illustration of the vulgar adage that "one convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

He was just of an age to increase his vocabulary with the words and expressions that he would hear others make use of, sometimes, when a word or phrase would particularly strike him as being a desirable addition to his stock, he would dwell upon it apparently, retaining it for future use. On one very windy day I opened the door of my room with considerable difficulty; the pictures were in a lively state of commotion; even a life-sized oil painting of my mother, which hung over

the fireplace, was dancing on its nail as lively as the rest. Upon a chair before the open window stood Master Gus; his dress resembled an inflated balloon, and his curls were flying in the gale, while his face had the peculiar look one has in a strong wind of being all mouth and no eyes; he turned his head as he heard the door open, saying, "Oh! A-u-n-t Y-o-t—w-h-a-t a g-e-n-t-l-e b-e-e-z-e!"

My mother and father occupied adjoining rooms, and frequently my mother would seat herself before the mirror in my father's room, as I believe she considered the light there more favorable, and smooth her hair; this was a habit of hers, and she would spend considerable time doing so, for she had an idea of her own that it was very beneficial; but in this I do not agree with her, on the contrary, I think this constant smoothing would eventually produce, if not entire baldness, at least a thinness of the hair, and I think she proved the latter to her own satisfaction, or, I might better say, great dissatisfaction. However, she had not proved this sad result at that time, for she had been thus occupied for some time, and when leaving the room had left the chair where she had been seated. This was too good

an opportunity to be lost upon Gus, who entered the room just after ; he climbed upon the vacant chair and began smoothing also ; as I came in he had a brush in each hand and was saving time by smoothing both sides at once, but the smoothing went wrong, someway ; it seemed to be tangling, instead, for the brushes were going up as well as down ; however, it was all the same to him ; holding up a brush in either hand as I entered, he said in a very surprised voice, as if it was something very new, “ I do detare ! if gandpa is not very ambishish, to have two busses ! ” His visits to his grandfather’s room did not always end as harmlessly, as, for instance, when he got a fit of sneezing that almost sneezed his little life away from having used red pepper on his grandpa’s tooth brush instead of tooth powder, or when there was a stay of proceedings, when all ready to shave, by getting his eyes and mouth too full of lather, a most providential stay *we* thought. Who can doubt the fact that the angels of God are ever watching over these little ones, so dear to Him, and so careless of themselves ?

Our Gus very much enjoyed sitting upon the front steps ; having an active, enquiring mind, he liked to know what was going on, and all its

whys and wherefores ; besides, it supplied him with plenty of conversation afterwards, and was the prolific source of more questions than ten wise men could answer satisfactorily. Sometimes he would play with a little boy of his own age, who lived next door, but as the latter was the stronger and the rougher of the two, and usually showed signs of fight, Gus usually felt a disinclination for his society when he could find anything else to entertain himself with. Harry would always begin a play-fight, having a somewhat pugilistic disposition, but the play-fight would end in a downright earnest one. Gus had his own share of spirit, and when aggravated would enter into it with a great degree of energy ; but his curls gave him the disadvantage, for by seizing them his antagonist would have him entirely within his power, so Gus was usually the vanquished one, and would march home in a most indignant and dignified manner and refuse to associate with the destroyer of his peace for some time after. I often waited to see if he would ever complain of any ill treatment he might receive from his muscular friend, but he would always remain quite silent upon the subject.

Once, while sitting thus upon the steps quite



late in the afternoon, a gentleman came up and accosted him. I was within the open window and could hear all quite plainly, although I could not be seen. The stranger asked if Mr.—— lived here.

“No sir,” replied Master Gus quite promptly.

“But this is the number,” said the stranger, evidently referring to a written address and repeating it aloud.

“Yes, yes, is tickey tix, but no one wifs here but my gandpa, my gandma, my mamma, my aunt Yot and . . . .”

“But what is grandpa’s name?”—“Zats his name, gandpa.”

“Well, then,” replied the visitor, laughing, “I’ll come in and see gandpa.”

Fearing that he might be decoyed away, as children frequently were, in order to gain some offered reward, or for some other sinister purpose, we had forbidden Gus to go on the steps or outside the house, unless some one was near the window, but curiosity or the enjoyment usually found in forbidden pleasures sometimes proved stronger than the prohibition, and Master Gus would be discovered on forbidden ground; then he would be told of terrible

cases of little boys being carried away by horrible men and women, and Gus would solemnly promise never to do so again. As if to corroborate our warnings once, when it was a permissible pleasure, as I was seated inside the basement window, Gus was standing on the tiny grass plot outside. Suddenly something flew through the window past me, through the room and into the kitchen; I surmised it was our Gus, although I scarcely had time for ocular proof, and I followed his flying footsteps through the kitchen and into the back yard, where they were only stopped by the fence; there I found him close in the angle, kneeling down, with his head buried almost beneath him in the corner; he was trembling violently and very white; it was some little time before I could persuade him to return to the house with me, and longer still before I could get at the cause of his strange proceedings, in which I have always wondered some bones were not broken. His angel bore him up, I do not doubt. Finally, when calm was quite restored, he told his little story. He was looking down the street at some little doggies fighting; one was bigger than the other, and he was so afraid the little doggie would be hurt, when just then he felt

something right near him, and looking up, such a horrid old woman was there, with her face almost down to his ; she was almost black, and had a poker in her hand, and a very big bag over her shoulder ; he supposed she was going to kill him with the poker and put him in her bag ; perhaps there were other little boys in it, too.

This terrible adventure had a beneficial effect, for, from all evil things, except sin, some good may be drawn, or, perhaps, with the spiritual writers, we had better agree that there is no real evil but sin ; therefore, this evil was not an evil, after all. At all events, it served as a ground-plan for many a Don Quixote adventure, in which Gus, as the principal actor, was hereafter to slay the old woman and release the poor little boys from out of the bag, that is, if all things remained in statu quo, until our Gus had reached the required age and strength.

Gus had contracted a habit which increased and in proportion became more distressing ; it was that of shedding a torrent of tears whenever he saw my hat make its appearance, unless, of course, his accompanied it. Gus seemed to have an internal fountain ; though nearly always his

sky was serene, yet the fountain was not the less there for not being in view, and when the time came it was always in the best working order. It was a remarkable fact, and one noticed and commented upon by others, who knew more about those things than myself, that, unlike any other infant they had ever known, Gus shed tears from the time of his birth; other infants wrinkle up their faces, and wriggle their hands, and cry, that is, they make a noise, and sometimes, after hard work of it, squeeze out a tear, or perhaps two, but that is as far as it goes, but our Gus always wept; when he cried the tears always flowed and would even wet his clothing, unless they were constantly wiped away, which certainly occasioned more trouble to his nurses. To what this fact was owing, or whether it prognosticated anything, I do not know, but it was considered by those who ought to know as something remarkable. Well, this fountain would start and continue to flow from the time my out-door garments would make their appearance until they got out of the house. I learned in this way to dress very quickly. It was perfectly useless to assure him I would soon return, for, notwithstanding the practical proof before him that I had been away

before and now was here, and so it would be again, the little present point of space was always all to him; his imagination seldom could get farther; future punishment or rewards had little or no effect upon him; his little joys, and likewise sorrows, were much increased by this, but as his usual life was that of a summer's day, he was thereby the gainer.

If, however, my dressing was somewhat protracted, and the source of the waters would run dry, then the promise of something would not be entirely unacceptable. What would he have? "A tandy sedar to moke!" Very well; now another distressing scene: "two Aunt Yot, two tandy sedars;" all right, meanwhile going down stairs, Master Gus closely following. "Aunt Yot, tee, tee tandy sedars." Out on the step. Three was the extent of his ability to enumerate, therefore. "Tee tandy sedars and a tane." At the foot of the outside steps: "Tee tandy sedars, a tane, and a pisher book." While down the street would come floating on the breeze, "Aunt Yot, tee tandy sedars, a tane, a pisher book, and some mobbles;" how many more wants would be added to those already enumerated would generally be lost in air, but he always ended

by being perfectly satisfied with whatever I brought him on my return, yet the list soon became a part of the usual programme every time I left the house.

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One day, all the family being absent but Master Gus and myself, I was in my room, busily engaged in writing, when a prolonged and exasperated shout reached my ears. Hastening to the door, I looked in the direction from whence the noise proceeded; certainly, I knew the owner. A few steps from the top of the next flight of stairs was a large pair of army boots, surmounted by a tall silk hat; between the two was a ruffle of white and a pair of chubby arms, one of which was wildly endeavoring to tear off the distressing hat from under which the sounds proceeded, while the other was clinging to the balusters to anchor the whole concern. I stood still and laughed, quite unable at first to approach the absurd spectacle, until, the shouts becoming still louder and more exasperated, I hastened to take off the obnoxious article, not without some little difficulty, and free the flaxen curls and blue eyes of our Gus, who in a new exploring tour

having discovered these articles in an unvisited clothes-press, thought it a pity not to have them put to some practical use. Well, it would have been for our peace of mind if all his private expeditions had ended as harmlessly as this one; but shortly after, on a very warm day in summer, when the few who were not in the country were absent for the day, the heat being intense, I sought the coolest part of the house, the basement dining room, and, throwing myself on the sofa, soon fell into a heavy sleep, during which I had a most unpleasant dream of being crushed in some great water mill, the water of which was slowly trickling down and over me, which, notwithstanding the heat of the day, was not in the least refreshing. It was some little time before I could get fully awake and realize where I was; the heavy load was still there, and the trickling water also, and I came to the realizing sense that instead of the machinery of a water mill the load resolved itself into Master Gus in a heavy perspiration, who had probably come to find a cool place, also. My sleep had been so distressing that after shaking him off I remained too quiet for him, who now, fully awake and much more refreshed than I was, was all ready for some

thing exciting; finding me too dull and the room too dark, he went somewhere else in search of amusement. Everything was so quiet that several times I started to seek him, but feeling so wearied, and not a little vexed at the cause of my distressed nap, I thought that surely nothing very serious could happen, for a while at least. Not being able to continue my sleep, I sat up and looked out of the window. I noticed one person who was passing partly stop, look up at the house, move on, and then turn again to look, then another and yet another do precisely the same thing. I thought that probably Gus was at some plank in the windows above, and was on the point of going to find out when our butcher came running in the gate, hurried past me as I opened the basement door, and ran into the kitchen, seized some pails, and was up the stairs in a flash. I followed him, not so fast of course, and on my way met Master Gus hastening down, the same foot always first, the peculiar manner children have of coming down stairs; he seemed in a great hurry, as if he had an unusual press of business. Upon my questioning him as to what was the matter, the only answer I could get was, "Oh! nussin, nussin!" I hurried on and found the faith-



ful man breaking in the door of the upper story hall bedroom, which was only used for storing winter clothing. A dense volume of smoke issued from the opening, almost stifling him and me, and quickly filling the whole house. Filling the pails in the bath room, he soon succeeded in stopping the fire, which was not much in itself, but having caught on furs and woolens, made a dense smoke and proved more alarming than dangerous. The fire was soon extinguished, thanks to the promptness of this good man, and things grew quiet again. The street had been in commotion, a crowd had collected, as is usual on such occasions, and rag pickers had collected from all quarters and were reaping a harvest at our expense. As fast as the clothes were thrown from the window by our faithful assistant, whose sole thought was to prevent the fire from spreading, just as fast were they seized upon by them and carried away, and I dare say that many a rag picker feathered his nest for the coming winter with the former contents of our store-room. The engines had come as far as the corner below when all was over, and were sent away by our invaluable butcher boy, who remained outside until the crowd had quite dispersed, and

the street had resumed its former aspect of quietness. Master Gus's account of the affair was this: after leaving me he had gone to his uncle's room to look out of the window; he had found there a lump of something yellow and shining, which he took away to find out what it was. After awhile it began to burn, so he took it to this room and put it down in a "tall bastet of sins and wocked the door to keep in the moke." That he felt somewhat guilty was evident from the manner in which he was leaving the field of his exploit. A short time after all was over, my sister returned. I rather dreaded the meeting, for be it known that, Gus and I being in partnership, I was generally a sharer in his disgrace. She had heard of the affair from a neighbor's child before she came in sight of the house, and as is usually the case, the recital lost nothing, in fact it gained so much, that the house was quite burnt down; but even the fact of finding a substantial building instead of blackened embers did not serve to restore her equanimity, but neither her emotion nor consequent displeasure can be wondered at, considering there were divers trunks, all nicely packed, awaiting a most important, happy event. Who would not feel intensely the afflic-

tion that would necessarily follow any such possible event as a fire ? Gus and I were in disgrace, but I had a theory, and I always tried to carry it into practice, although, like others, my best intentions often failed, or rather I in them. My theory was this, to try not to judge or punish the action, but to examine instead the intention, and reprove, correct, or punish that, if necessary. I have seen parents and guardians severely punish in anger a child for some really trifling fault, because it happened to cause them personally some annoyance, and pass over some sin or fault that might lead to such, because it did not interfere with their comfort or convenience. Is it a wonder that such a child should grow up with an erroneous conscience, avoiding faults only through fear of punishment, or looking only upon those as such which received it ?

She has had, since this event, two children of her own, models of all perfections, of course. I am sure, they never attempted to set *her* house on fire, or were discovered in any mischievous pranks ; at least she never tells us of them if they have been guilty of such, therefore I draw my conclusion that they are different from most children born in original sin.

But one day this poor Gus of ours came to grief. He had been hunting around my room in search of something interesting, which he at last succeeded in finding in the shape of a vial of liniment. Desirous of knowing its contents, he drew the cork, and as ammonia was one of its principal ingredients, it may be surmised that he was very ready to let it quickly drop, spilling its contents in the midst of a beautiful cluster of magnolia blossoms on the carpet. I took much pride in my bed-room, which was, indeed, a pretty one, with its alcove bed and pretty carpet, and I always kept it in perfect order. Now, my vexation caused me to speak to the offender with a considerable degree of irritation in my voice and exile him from the room, *never* to return again. My theory was at fault here, or rather its execution, but remember, I was yet young. His lip dropped as he listened to his sentence of excommunication, and with his characteristic way of olden time folding his hands and holding his head very high, he straightened himself up and turned to leave the room. But resentment never reigned long, if at all, in the heart of our pet, and while I was yet endeavoring to remedy the accident, I heard his silvery voice issuing from the speaking

tube which communicated with the ground floor. He had gone to that place to make up with me, as I presumed he thought it more prudent to make peace at a distance than to approach too near while I was in that disturbed condition, but I was too annoyed to answer. After a few minutes the voice ceased, and again I heard my name, but it was not Gus this time, but the cook. Already reproaching myself for my want of self-control, I hastened down and found our little Gus in the arms of my father; he was crying, and his arm seemed motionless and painful; we sent immediately for the family physician, who upon his arrival declared it was broken and set and bandaged it, Gus, meanwhile, being under the influence of chloroform. I held him during the operation, and the tears would often start when I thought it was all my fault. It seems that after leaving my room Gus had gone to the kitchen, dragging his high chair from out of the dining room, the better to enable him to reach the tube that opened into my room; while speaking to me he heard his grandpa's ring, and as he loved him very dearly he would allow no one else to open the door for him but himself, that he might be the first to welcome him. No matter what part of the house

Gus might be in, grandpa must wait until he could get there to open the door. At this time, hearing the well known ring, he hastily climbed down, saying, as he always did at such times, "let me, let me;" but in his eagerness to get down he caught his foot and fell down instead. While he lay so motionless and death-like in my arms, I made many a resolve that, come what might, I would never speak sharply to my darling again. The good doctor took his departure, and after a little Gus opened his blue eyes and looked quite natural again, and as usual was ready for action; he did not seem to understand what had been done to his arm while asleep, and was quite determined to have it untied again; he felt the loss of it sadly, and his costume distressed him much, for he was always very particular in regard to his personal appearance, and to be obliged to wear his little loose gown, and one sleeve limp at that, annoyed him considerably; but as usual, with his remarkable natural facility of adapting himself to circumstances, he found that "this also might be borne," and after a while he became quite expert in the use of one arm. The fact that he was possessed of two arms just alike suggested the necessity of having them both

act alike, and he would sometimes say, "When I break my other arm, etc." Gus, as I have already said, was quite an expert in the use of his left hand, and as he was mostly confined to one room he made the most of all it contained. He began practising the art of left hand climbing and also of making double and triple teams out of the chairs, and sometimes of tandem driving; this was particularly distressing, when one hastily took a chair, to find several others following it, or else it held firmly in its place by means of some invisible string, quite impossible to unfasten on account of its gordian knot, or else to hear a very discontented voice exclaiming, as one was about to take a seat, "Oove dot my hossy." Although he had a rocking horse for his own especial use, and no one ever interfered with it, it was usually in the stable or out at pasture, and as his accident had developed a decidedly horsey taste in him, every article was valued in proportion as it could minister to this taste; he preferred those of his own invention to the bought article, however much more it resembled the original. The *live* horses pleased him most, probably because they could be enjoyed less often, and we all know how much the rarity of a

pleasure enhances its enjoyment ; these could only be had when grandpa, either reading or smoking, would put his feet upon another chair, and Master Gus, straddling over them, would harness the boots for the horses' heads ; sometimes they would become frisky, and this would please him much, as it would call forth some nice horsemanship to keep his seat ; sometimes the horses would get a most unmerciful pull from their rider, who usually rode two at a time, and grandpa would be in danger of losing his equilibrium ; sometimes, also, they would get such unmerciful applications of the whip as to make poor grandpa jump, particularly if the horses happened to be slippers. Sometimes, too, grandpa would fall asleep, and Master Gus, wandering away to some other amusement, would forget to unharness his horses, much to their discomfort when they and their owner finally awoke and he wanted to put them under him. Gussie's knots were specimens of rare workmanship ; I defy any one to untie them ; like Alexander of old he would discover the quicker way usually.

He found these times rather monotonous, for his discovery-loving nature was confined to frequent raids into the pantry, and they were fre-



quently the cause of much annoyance to himself as well as others, when, being unable, even with the assistance of his invaluable high chair, to quite reach some upper shelf, he would end by upsetting sugar, preserves, or syrup all over his upturned face and curls. At these times one would suppose him the victim of some other person's escapades than his own, so great would be the displeasure he would evince at the untidy state of his curls and clothing. Evidently he thought things ought to be kept at a reachable distance.

Gus was perpetual motion ; there was no such thing as keeping quiet when he was around ; it was a constant state of friction ; a story would do so for a little while, however, or until one had exhausted their resources, and the consequent questioning of what might have been and wasn't, and what was and shouldn't have been, supposable cases if certain other things had happened which hadn't, until all hypotheses were exhausted or the questioner was tired, was interminable. His little maid would usually follow him from room to room and succeed in brushing one curl, perhaps, in each, his head, meanwhile, in every conceivable position ; but one could no more be angry or

cross with him than with the laughing, dancing sunbeam, that glints now here, now there, but is never still, for it was the nature of the one as much as that of the other. Sometimes Annie would get him to sit down for just a minute, to play school ; she would begin the alphabet, he repeating it after her from a to z, but when she would say, "now say it backwards," that would look no longer like *play*, but real hard work, and not being at all willing to be imposed upon in this way, Master Gus, with one dash in an unguarded moment, would be too far on his flight to be brought back to dull realities.

But Gus was always learning, even in his play ; he was laying up a store of useful knowledge, to be brought forth as occasion required it ; he could comprehend a thing in half the time that ordinary children could ; therefore, although he seemed so full of play and mischief, yet he accomplished more than many did by assiduous application, particularly as he grew older. He reasoned well, and his conclusions were logical, even as little child and upon little things. His questions must be answered as seriously as they were asked, and as far as he could judge, sensibly, and he remembered them well ; any discrep-

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ancies in after solutions would be detected, and as he had the greatest horror of untruths, and these had the appearance of such, answering his questions was a serious matter.

Our Gus was certainly the torment as well as the delight of our lives.

Dupanloup, speaking of childhood, says : " Yes, the child is the hope—the hope even of Heaven ; for he is the heir of the eternal palms, the object of God's complacency, the brother and friend of the angels. He is the hope of the Earth, of which he is already the riches and the treasure, and of which he will one day be the strength and glory. He is the hope of his country and of all humanity, which renews itself and grows young again in him. He is especially the hope of the family of whom he is the joy and the delight, and of whom he will one day be the crown and the honor."

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There was perfect silence in the room, which lasted perhaps a minute or more, and the unusual circumstance caused me to look up from the book which I was reading, and my attention was arrested by the lovely sight which met my eyes.

He was standing motionless, a thoughtful look upon his baby face; the sunlight was playing over his curls, causing them to resemble threads of finest gold; he was dressed in white, and his fair complexion, rosy cheeks, and dark blue eyes caused him to look like a cherub just lighted upon the earth for a moment and soon to take wings again, as a thing too bright and beautiful to remain there long. Lavater has said that, "The mind depicts itself upon the countenance, and the expression is indicative of the soul beneath it." Gussie's thoughts were always beautiful, and they were the probable cause of the sweet and pure expression his face always wore. On one chubby, extended palm there lay a lovely but partly faded white rose. Earnestly and rather sadly he was regarding it, as though he was for the first time contemplating the greatest of all mysteries, death. In softened tones, and quite suitable to the solemn occasion, he murmured, "Poo ittle wose it is dead. No! it is not dead . . . it is gone to be an angel . . . Thy ittle angel!" and suiting his actions to his words, he tossed it up with both little hands; the rose flew high in the air, and his eyes followed it, and the serious expression gave place to one

of joy on the upturned face. He laughed a gleeful little laugh at his success. But like all that is beautiful it came to an end; the angel rose fell to the floor, and its partly withered petals fell in profusion upon the carpet and lay scattered there, and there was silence for a moment. The sad look returned, perhaps even in a greater degree than at first, for is not hope extinguished a greater sorrow than never to have hoped at all?

He gazed at it a moment, and then slowly and thoughtfully turning away, murmured in a tone of sadness and disappointment: "It cannot fly, its wings are gone."

O childhood, which can gild even the commonest things with rare beauty, thou also art gone!

Our Gus was very sensitive; a sharp or hasty word would make him very wrathful for the moment, but he was equally quick at forgiving, and the slightest apology would be received most willingly, even gladly; all that he wanted to feel assured of was that he and his rights were not held in disesteem. Once, in passing near him hastily, as he was busily engaged in constructing a house of blocks, I accidentally upset the entire thing; the first intimation I had of it,

however, was an angry little voice, saying, "Evvy body is nottin down my sins." Children have their rights, and respect is one of these, perhaps the principal one; for how different would the world be to day if the children of yesterday had been respected in their rights, and has not this very thought led to the institution of that most humane and benevolent society, which certainly must be of all others the most pleasing to the good God, that of obliging by force of law the respecting of the rights of the little ones. I always acknowledged this right; therefore, although in haste and some little distance past him before I realized the words were meant for me, I at first thought my haste would be a sufficient excuse for leaving matters so, but as I looked back the usually sunny face was overcast, and he was pushing away the insulted blocks far from him, and the memory that one inspired from above had said that "a soft answer turneth away wrath" caused me to try its efficacy; so, returning to the scene of desolation, I said: "I beg your pardon, Gus; I did not mean to knock your house down." Lo! what a change already was effected; the angry frown had gone, the flush had disappeared, and with

a bright and sunny smile he quickly said, "O nenner mind; that is nussin, nussin at all; I will build it wight up aden;" and the little hands began quickly to gather the discarded blocks, as if quite ashamed of the momentary exhibition of temper. What mighty power there is in kind words! No earthly power can equal them, and courtesy goes far in promoting and preserving charity. Faber beautifully says of them: "Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way, and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angel's nature into us. . . . Angry words rankle longer in the heart than an angry gesture, very often even longer than a blow." Ah, why are not kind words, so easily uttered, uttered more frequently? How truly has the poet said that, "Hearts have been broken, for harsh words; spoken, which sorrow can ne'er set right."

Equally unpleasant, although not so injurious in its effects to our Gus, were loud or harsh tones of voice; if such a thing ever chanced to reach his ears his face would assume a look of terror,

and he would tremble violently. This dislike was a characteristic of our family, therefore harsh or loud voices very seldom reached him. His own voice was so sweet and silvery that it was like music to the ear. It was during the time of the funeral obsequies of the lamented assassinated Emancipator, and the streets, houses, and churches were draped in mourning, which produced of itself a very saddening effect. I had taken Gus with me to hear a popular preacher pronounce a funeral eulogy upon the martyred president. The preacher had reached a most pathetic part of his discourse and paused a moment; the congregation was breathlessly awaiting his continuation, when, unable to bear it longer, Gus stood upon the seat, and with blanched and terrified face cried out so clearly and distinctly that it could be heard for some distance round, "Oh! Aunt Yot, *do* stop the man, don't let him sing so woud," and then his little, full heart could contain itself no longer, the long suppressed sobs burst out with so much the greater intensity, and I believe produced greater effect than even the moving words of the orator. I was obliged to take him sobbing down the aisle and out into the open air and sunshine, which helped to re-



store his equanimity, which was entirely effected by the following incident. We were passing the window of a children's clothing store ; although wrapped in my own thoughts, I was quite oblivious of the fact until I found my further progress impeded by a pair of arms which almost encircled me and a voice, almost inaudible from the intensity of its feeling, saying : " Oh ! wook ; do just wook ! " Somewhat startled from my reverie, I did " wook," and in the window saw arranged in the most conspicuous manner a beautiful little suit of boy's clothes, of an ashes of roses color, and just of the required size to fit our Gus. We came to a dead halt before the window ; sorrow was now swallowed up by joy, more than joy, bliss. When I thought we had " wooked " sufficiently to have them stereotyped upon our memory I started homeward, but Gus thought differently ; my dress was seized as if by a vice, and he said in pleading tones, " Aunt Yot, just tum in a moment, just a little moment and see how much they tost ; do, oh pease, d-o p-e-a-s-e, p-e-a-s-e ! " Who could refuse such an appeal ? He transacted the business himself ; walking up to the clerk near the door and making himself very tall and manly, he said, pointing to the very particular

suit, so that no other might be understood, "How much do wose sins tost?" "Nine dollars, sir," was the amused and prompt reply; but with all his manliness Gus felt his impotency when it came to the question of producing the hard cash, so, with a most would-be convincing air, he turned to his silent partner, saying, "Dat is not much, Aunt Yot, is it? O, det them for me, do, dear, *dear* Aunt Yot, pease, p-e-a-s-e do!" and my dress was again caught to stay any proceedings that might prove detrimental to his cause. The suit was ordered, and we returned without further interruption. As soon as disencumbered from his walking costume, Master Gus mounted a chair by the window, from which he could keep the best lookout upon the front steps, that there might be the least possible delay in their delivery. Who does not know how wearily time drags when one is in a state of expectancy. Even although he might see the person ascending the steps, yet, if the bell rang, he would descend from his post of observation and hasten to the head of the stairs, to be certain that by some possible chance the clothes might be there. At last they arrived. As I never passed through this happy transition stage from petticoats to trousers I can-

not tell by my own experience how one in such a position feels, but to see one with such vast capabilities for enjoyment as had our Gus, and to see these perfectly filled, even to overflowing, is a sight I never expect to witness again outside the golden gates of paradise. But, like all other joys this side, this, also, came to an end ; at least it was suspended for an indefinite time. The suit was so delicate that it would never do for every day wear, and besides, the underclothes must be adapted to it, cuffs and collars, etc., also, and the beautiful curls must be cut off, each thread of which would sever a link of that most beautiful time of infancy never more to return. But if this thought cost his elders a pang, not one entered the heart of our Gus. What was the loss of a few shining curls compared to the bliss of wearing pants ! And so intense was the humiliation of assuming his ignored dress again, that no amount of coaxing could make him present himself below again until, all things being ready, Master Gus was put in possession of full boyhood.

His chief solicitude now was that all his infantile clothes should be immediately given away to some "poo ittle boy, who had no nice sins to wear." I somewhat suspected the perfect disin-

terestedness of his excessive anxiety, for I had my suspicions that his solicitude for the uncertain poor little boy was not as great as the desire of being certain that the petticoats were too far gone to be ever forthcoming again, as the threat of putting him back into dresses had the salutary effect of preventing the possibility of doing so through the repetition of the same offense. But when he was really satisfied that no more articles remained, he would saucily reply, "But they are all given away."

Our Gus was now a boy in earnest ; he never went about things in a half-way manner, and the change even a few days produced was quite evident. He agreed with St. Paul most decidedly that upon becoming a man one should put away childish things ; realities must now take the place that imaginary ones had heretofore held in his estimation. His thoughts, desires, and aspirations now were all manly. The following summer found us boarding in the same house with a young West Indian gentleman, who usually spent his summers in the North ; he and Gus formed an intimate friendship ; for the latter having been so unaccustomed to the society of children, quite ignored them, and it was quite amusing to hear

him call them "children," never, of course, including himself among their number. Daily visits were paid to Mr. B—'s room, after which Master Gus would return rather subdued and somewhat dizzy ; he was not quite himself, but would not allow that he was at all sick, only a headache, just a little bit, but he would be glad to lay his head down upon the sofa and fall asleep, after which he would be quite himself again. These daily headaches alarmed us slightly, for one of his age, and in questioning him as to their cause he would answer all our questions, I believe, quite truthfully, for, fortunately, we never proposed the right one, and as he would never suggest any cause for them himself, but only look very wisely after he had done his duty by us, we decided to consult a doctor ; but before the opportunity presented itself, as we were not near our family physician, the mystery was solved, and all our apprehensions were removed as to its being the effect of any sanitary cause. Once, towards evening, I was out on the grounds, and hearing the musical tones of our Gus, I looked in the direction from whence they proceeded, which was the very window of the room occupied by Mr. R. There, as in a picture frame,

the two were seated at the height of enjoyment. The dark complexion, black eyes and hair of Mr. B., whose white summer suit made him appear even darker, was a fine contrast to the clear, white skin, golden hair, azure eyes of our boy. Both were similarly engaged in puffing away at cigarettes; I could see that Master Gus had become quite an adept in the art of lighting and holding his, while engaged in talking, for even the delight of puffing *real* smoke could not cause his tongue to forego its peculiar prerogative. "Tandy sedars" were now a thing of the past, that had fallen into the abyss of his childhood, and how often I longed for the days to return when I could take him in my arms, rock him to sleep, and feel he was all safe and free from harm or sin, which seemed to ever open before the young, particularly of his lively disposition.

Not alone in the matter of segars had his taste matured; his playthings had no relish now; his toy pistol "was no good, it had no fire." Once, he was not at his usual place at the table, a most extraordinary thing for Gus, who was always ready when eating was going on, for, although not a great eater, he liked a little frequently, and he always enjoyed the conviviality of the table.

Feeling anxious, we instituted a search for the missing one. Mr. B. was also absent, not alone from the table but from the house, and we sought his room; upon opening the door quietly, my terrified gaze fell upon our Gus, holding a revolver in his hand. I knew it was loaded, for Mr. B. always kept it so, for fear of burglars, and I could see it was cocked; to speak, might startle him, and as he knew he was doing wrong the haste with which he might turn might prove fatal to himself; every moment was precious, and, oh, how long I thought of the olden song, which never failed in times gone by, but which had been laid aside with his infant years. I would try its efficacy now; the same tender little heart beat there still. Noiselessly I closed the door, and going off a little distance, I began it; one may imagine its plaintiveness when on its success the precious life depended. I was sitting on the upper stair of the flight that led to the hall upon which the room opened, and in a moment a door opened; I scarcely dared to look, but the tight clasp of a pair of arms around my neck told me of its success and the safety of our Gus. Can it be wondered at that he met with no reproof for even the great fault of entering the

room of a stranger during his absence. There are some things that one cannot dwell upon nor even speak of, and this was one of them. Who will doubt the invisible guardian was ever near our Gus, and that divine Providence was ever guiding his steps ?

Our Gus was not without his faults ; certainly, he had them ; what gifted nature has been without ? Dupanloup once said, and from experience, " I always felt a hidden fear, as it were an involuntary terror, every time time parents brought their son to me, saying : ' we never have to reprimand him ; he is truly a little perfection.' I always thought, ' there is rugged work before me.' And why was this ? Because the faults, being deeply hidden, grew and strengthened until firmly rooted ; it was almost impossible in after years to eradicate them. Childish faults are far from being injurious in their effects ; the reprimands, admonitions, and counsels, only produced by corresponding faults, may be productive in after life of much good, that perhaps never would have been, if not called out by these very faults. Line upon line, precept upon precept, deeply inculcates lessons which in after life will bear fruit a thousandfold."

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Beneath all Master Gus's joyousness there was a deep religious vein, even from his earliest childhood, and probably this very fact was the mainspring of his joy, for joy is a gift from God, and I believe that Almighty God was pleased with this Gus of ours, and caused his pure little heart to become a fountain from which the waters of joy were ever flowing on all around. His earliest impressions of good were connected with the Bible, and he loved to hear it read aloud, when he would listen and always seemed to comprehend its meaning. Every precept that he desired to inculcate would be based upon the "Bidy," as well as every reproof he would administer. When very small, having found a match upon the floor, he brought it to me, saying in quite a reproving tone: "The Bidy says we must not waste matches." He owned a little box, which closed with lock and key, and this, as being the nicest and most private thing he had, was selected to keep within it all his treasures of the religious sort; no matter how precious a thing might be in his eyes, it found no entrance into this box unless it was of the religious stamp; anything upon which he had a doubt as to its orthodoxy was excluded.

A beautiful little holy water font having been given him, the propriety of keeping it always filled with holy water suggested itself to him, but as he could not always get it, there being no church very near, he suggested after a little time spent in thought that Rev. J. should be sent for to give the blessing of the Church to some faucet in the house, and then the water passing through it would be holy. He enjoyed attending to the beautiful Vesper service, and was very devout during the benediction. Upon his return one Sunday evening he was relating, in his usual ingenious manner, the great happiness which inundated his little soul at that particular time; he felt "oh, so happy just when the priest raised the monster" (meaning the monstrance), in blessing the congregation. He had learned the little versicle used by the Church in praying for the dead, that they may soon be thoroughly purified from all stains of sin, and the sooner enter into eternal rest; he frequently, he said, used it for his sister, who, much older than he, had died some time before. I asked him once to repeat the prayer he so often said for her; imagine my surprise when, folding his hands reverently, he bowed his head, and closing his eyes, said sol-

emly : “Infernal rest grant unto her, O, Lord ! and let perpetual light shine upon her.” Can we not suppose that the merciful God, who takes us according to our intention, supplied the word “Eternal” for the one so innocently used. Once, seated at the breakfast table, his mother proposed to me some doubt of hers as to the best course to pursue in regard to a certain subject ; on one side rested a doubt ; she had a great desire for perfection, and was inclined to great piety, particularly at that season. Master Gus was busily engaged upon a chicken wing, which seemed to engross his entire attention, but while we paused to consider the matter, he laid down his knife and fork, and looking up quite seriously, said : “Mamma, it is no way to become a saint to do anything you are in doubt about.” This unexpected answer, and from a child who probably did not know the meaning of the words he used, seemed like a reproof from Almighty God for her hesitation in choosing the more perfect way, and her decision was made. Surely, this was a direct exemplification of the words, “Out of the mouth of babes has He perfected praise.”

But although Gus was very intelligent and very conversant, for his age, on general topics,

and had made some progress in the French and Italian languages, certainly in school education he was deficient ; so it was decided, finally, that to school he must go ; but as we could not endure the thought of putting him with boys older and rougher than he, we placed him in a school of little girls, where, for companionship, they took another boy of his age. Poor Gus had been accustomed to do as he pleased, pretty much, and now to sit still and look at a book and pick out letters or make ugly figures on a slate was not at all to his taste ; a little chat with the nearest girl, or one whom he particularly liked, was much more to his taste, and the thought that there could be any possible harm in it never entered his head. To prevent this he would usually be placed behind the blackboard, while the teacher was before it illustrating some point to the class ; but when she would turn to face them it seems that Gus would cut up some queer antic behind it and quite upset the gravity of the class, or cause them to hide the want of it in their handkerchiefs. These two young cadets were dismissed long enough before the girls to give sufficient time to have the road quite clear, but as the reason given was that the girls required more time to dress,

and little boys should run right home, how could there possibly be any harm in waiting a little while below to finish a little conversation that had been interrupted by the teacher during school hours ?

Once, while the little class was making a retreat, they were on their way in procession to the church, for some particular devotion. Gus, who had begun as seriously as any one among them, feeling his spirits rise as they reached the open air and sunshine, quite forgot the solemnity of the occasion and, meeting some obstacle on the sidewalk, cut an antic over it ; all were quite ready to laugh, and some disorder was the result, and the teacher felt it necessary to make an example of the offender, by dismissing him from the remainder of the retreat. He came home quite crestfallen, but as arrangements were being made for a trip to the country, and the scholastic year was about closing, any further disgrace was avoided. However, he parted from his teacher and companions with much affection, and in a short time found himself in the real country, in an old, gray, stone house, with long piazzas and cozy rooms, from which nothing could be seen but grass and trees, and where he

could give full vent to his animal spirits. Up early in the morning, he would only enter the house for supper ; dinner he could only be prevailed upon to take in his own fashion ; his plate and cup, for he was now quite willing to dispense with his former superfluity of dishes, must be placed at the furthest end of a long piazza and left alone ; when all had retired from view Master Gus, who watched proceedings from a good distance, like a colt fearful of being captured, would advance and partake of his meal ; dinner in his own mode or none at all was his rule, and implicitly was it carried out. If one more daring than the others ventured in sight, to see how the child was eating, the said child would disappear in the far distance, but if undisturbed, an empty plate would reward his well wishers. How he enjoyed the country ! for now he was quite a big boy, and his tours of discovery had no limit ; heaven was his roof and nature his boundary, and he was happy. A stream near by was his delight ; there he could bathe, fish, and boat. Even on Sundays he could not forego his daily bath, and when once expostulated with by some very proper relatives, who did not believe in thus profaning the Sabbath, Master Gus found that the

good Book which he had always stood by in former years, now did the same by him, and the argument he drew therefrom in his own favor was unanswerable, for in answer to one of these expostulators he triumphantly replied: "Don't you know the *Bible* says that cleanliness comes after godliness? Well, now, I have the godliness in the church, in the morning, and in the afternoon I practise the cleanliness." A letter written at this time is inserted to show that, although Gus could play at school, he could also learn when he set himself to do so.

DEAR GRANDPA:—I am ashamed of myself that I have not written to you before, but now I will try to make up for lost time. I hope you have been very well since I left. How is the parrot? There was a great fire a week ago; a mill was burned to the ground, and ten thousand bushels of wheat, and out of three hundred barrels of flour only one was saved, and five or six other houses would have been burned but for the promptness of some men, who got up on the roofs and flung water on them. The insurance on the mill was only ten thousand dollars, and the mill was worth from thirty-five to forty thousand, not including the wheat. The night was

very windy, and a house which stood in the way of the sparks had been insured, but as the insurance had run out a few days before, the owner was in great fright, and well might he be, for all the men were down at the mill, and it caught fire two or three times, and he had no one to help him, and he was throwing water on the roof all the time, and hurt his hands badly. What kind of weather are you having down in New York? They have a colt here that will be four years next year, and weighs one thousand four hundred pounds; he is a good deal taller than his mother or any other horse around, and they have a cow that gives a pail full of milk every night and morning, even in the winter. Tell me, if you please, how all my friends are, and give my love to them. We have all had colds here; I have just got over one; you must be careful and not catch one, for it is apt to settle on the lungs.

Love to everybody, and take a good share out for yourself.

Your loving grandson,  
Gus.

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Time passed and brought its corresponding changes. The family circle was broken. The



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angel of death had entered and borne away the dearly loved and gentle grandmother. Aunt Yot had also left the family fireside, and entered a new sphere of duty, and an immense distance already yawned between her and the loved ones at home. Mamma had married again, and Washington was to be her future home, and New York lost its attractions for our Gus, who also has left it to enter the world of realities and see things face to face, leaving only this memory behind, which I offer to those who loved him; and not alone in his name, but as representing the age of childhood, I subjoin the beautiful tribute offered by the saintly Archbishop of Orleans: "This humble child is destined to a double kingdom. If he carries his crown worthily on earth, the kingdom of Heaven will one day be opened to him; and if we sometimes give him the name of angel, though abased beneath them here on earth, it is because God has lavished on him, as on the angels, life, intelligence, and love, and with this celestial nature all the faculties, all the gifts, all the wonderful attributes which flow from it. No! I am not surprised that Jesus Christ, when His disciples once disputed among themselves as to who should be greatest in the kingdom

of Heaven, called unto Him a young child, and having embraced him, placing him in the midst of the attentive crowd, said to them : “ Verily, I say unto you, if you become not like unto this little child, you shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven.”

**THE END.**











